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IF SECRETARY HUGHES, in his note to the British Government, said anything like what the Associated Press says he did, he turned his back squarely on the principle of international arbitration. The Associated Press says:

> The British contention that the claims be referred to arbitration is answered with the frank statement that this scheme is unacceptable. There are no principles of arbitration which apply to something which is perfectly fair and equitable, and the American claim for equal share with the other Powers in Germany's payment is not subject to review by any tribunal, the note says.

We know of no proposition whatever which is so fair and equitable that it cannot stand review by a judicial tribunal. If the United States is right on this question—and *The Nation* believes that Secretary Hughes is entirely justified in insisting that the Allies recognize our equal right to compensation under the treaties—then it need not fear to submit its case to an impartial tribunal. If the United States is wrong, it should be set right. To insist that we are so sure of our right that we will not discuss it is to adopt the tone which England recently adopted toward Egypt—which rightly brought down upon her the rebuke of the civilized world.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S APPOINTMENT of Attorney General Stone to the Supreme Court in succession to Justice McKenna is a most agreeable surprise in view of the rumor that he might appoint the Secretary of the Navy. We can only repeat what we said of Mr. Stone when he was appointed Attorney General that he is a conservative with liberal tendencies. He has taken vigorous positions against the infringement of the rights of free speech and free assemblage, and we are glad to record the fact that since he succeeded the malodorous Mr. Daugherty he has done remarkable things in a quiet and unostentatious way in the reorganization of the Attorney General's department. He is honest and able, and in the full development of his powers, being but fifty-two. The one thing about him which we cannot understand is that he has connived at the indictment of Senator Wheeler; he has refused to insist that this disgusting prostitution of the machinery of justice in Montana, at the instigation of members of the Republican National Committee, be ended. In the free-speech and free-assemblage decisions of the Supreme Court Justice McKenna has stood invariably at the extreme right; Mr. Stone will, we are sure, stand with Justices Brandeis and Holmes. The country gains by the change.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, before his return to England, stated that the League "has eased relations within the Empire" by offering the Dominions "a field for sovereign initiative which does not in any way militate against their friendly comradeship with the mother country." The Dominions, however, look at matters through their own eyes. The recent invitation to them to attend an imperial conference in London for discussion of the Geneva protocol brought the answer from Canada, Australia, and South Africa that what they had to say could easily be cabled. That might mean that as independent members of the League they intend to act as they choose, and independently. On this question of imperial relations our colleague the South African *Nation* (Cape Town) says:

> No abundance of verbal draperies can ever make consultation equivalent to control. The great barrier that divides control from consultation is responsibility for the results of the policy adopted. . . . Control without responsibility is as pernicious as taxation without representation.

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, the former executive of the Anti-Saloon League, was released from prison on parole the day before Christmas. At the prison door he was arrested in connection with three indictments remaining against him. The proceeding was unnecessary and outrageous, since, being on parole, Mr. Anderson could proceed nowhere save to his home. He had made no effort to avoid trial in the first instance. Seldom has a man been pursued as maliciously and as bitterly as has been Mr. Anderson by the district attorney's office and the newspapers of New York City. Whatever his mistakes, no one questions his sincerity. His chief sin has been that he exposed too many politicians and was hot upon the trail of too many others. We are glad to note that a part of the press at least protests. Thus the Rochester *Times Union* denounces the arrest as a "silly performance, a grandstand play. It showed malice and persecution. . . ."

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Having had their revenge the metropolitan press and the district attorney ought to let Mr. Anderson begin anew.

DEMOCRACY AND DICTATORSHIP mix with as much difficulty as oil and water. On December 20, last, Mussolini surprised his opponents and roiled many of his followers by announcing his intention to dissolve Parliament and call another general election, this time under the old law instead of the measure which had been designed to give advantage to his party. Was Mussolini so sure of himself that he could stake his position on a democratic election, or was it that he recognized that his day was over and was seeking a safe exit? We may never know, for it is highly unlikely now that the proposed election will take place. Since the announcement Mussolini has been attacked both in front and behind. Many of his Fascist followers have clearly, although quietly, expostulated. The opposition has vociferously assailed him, making especial capital of the Cesare Rossi memoranda. In these notes Rossi, now in jail because of the murder of Matteotti, lays numerous specific crimes at the feet of the Fascisti. So when Parliament met on January 3 Mussolini returned to his most fiery and dictatorial manner, assuming all responsibility for the acts of his followers and promising to "resolve the political situation" within forty-eight hours. His words were followed by the most rigorous press censorship so far exercised and by a merciless suppression of opposition meetings and societies. Thus Mussolini has returned to the frank revolutionary tactics with which he came into power. If he ever intended to base his regime on democracy, he has found that it won't mix with dictatorship.

SOMETIMES THERE IS A choice even between dictators. Doubtless Abd-el-krim, leader of the Riff tribesmen against Spanish rule in Morocco, is as self-constituted and arrant a boss as General Primo de Rivera, but there is this in his favor, that he issues much more magnificent manifestos. De Rivera has saved the Spanish forces in Morocco from annihilation only by abandoning a large section of the hinterland, and naturally his official communiqués are sad reading. But Abd-el-krim writes with all the flourish and assurance of a world conqueror. In the latest proclamation to his forces he announces:

> Since the formulation of the existing Government of this nation a year ago Spain has not ceased sending emissaries to treat with us. But we have repelled them with contempt, telling the Government and nation with whom we are fighting that we cannot deal with them on equal terms, since we are the victors and they are the vanquished.

"The Riff Republic is in reality being talked about in the entire world's press," continues Abd-el-krim, indicating that even this son of mountain and plain has been bitten with the publicity microbe. His followers have "a profusion of rifles" and will soon "have material of every kind taken from Spain, besides money paid by that country for permission to evacuate numerous possessions in Jebala." Mussolini himself could not speak more superbly. If for any reason the "Riff Republic" miscarries, Abd-el-krim ought to find a future in America as an automobile salesman.

LUCKY CAL! Fate seems even kinder to Mr. Coolidge than to Colonel Roosevelt. First he becomes Vice-President on the basis of newspaper dispatches erroneously asserting that he had restored "law and order" to Boston at the time of the police strike. Next he enters the White House through the death of Mr. Harding. Then, in spite of shattering evidence of Republican corruption as disclosed by the Walsh committee, he is elected President by an overwhelming majority through a shrewd capitalization of the economic situation. Now, when he needs assistance in sustaining his veto of postal-salary increases, discovery is made of an improper use of money in furthering the bill for higher pay. Presto! Six postal officials of high rank are suspended with a clatter of publicity and moral indignation. The charges are that these six men, all members of the National Association of Postal Supervisors, paid money, for lobbying in behalf of the salary-increase bill, to an assistant clerk of the Senate Post Office Committee and to the secretary of the House Post Office Committee. The Department of Justice admits that this action is not illegal, although morally considered we are bound to characterize it as indefensible. At the same time it is well to bear in mind that it does not affect the intrinsic rights or wrongs of the salary-increase measure. Also, as Senator Ashurst has pointed out, the National Association of Postal Supervisors is a small body of high-rank officials, for which the larger organizations containing the rank-and-file employees are not responsible. To capitalize the incident at this moment is part of the unfortunate modern tendency to win not on principle but by "getting something" on the other fellow. But politics is politics—especially in the administration of Calvin Coolidge.

WHEN BIG BUSINESS is allowed to bargain with the Government as to how it shall be regulated it is obviously enjoying a privilege not granted to the common herd. When, after enjoying such a privilege, it seeks to get out of its bargain because it sees a possibility of better terms in the offing the public is likely to feel that official kindliness has gone rather too far. In 1920 the "big five," meat packers, in order to head off regulatory legislation in Congress and criminal prosecution, agreed with Attorney General Palmer to the issuance of a "consent decree" by the federal courts under which the "big five" were to get out of unrelated lines of business—except butter, cheese, eggs, and poultry—and sell their stockyards. In particular the packers wanted to avoid supervision by the Federal Trade Commission, which in 1918 made a damaging report showing that the meat packers were interested in 762 businesses.

DANGER from the Federal Trade Commission was removed still farther in 1921 by the success of the "big five" in getting through Congress the packers and stockyards act, by which supervision was placed in the hands of the Department of Agriculture, with little or no interest in the business aspects of the industry. When the "consent decree" was entered Mr. Palmer said that it would "forever" keep the meat packers out of unrelated lines of business. Well, the country voted last November for four years of Republicanism and prosperity, and naturally the packers want their share. "Forever" has come to an end and the packers are trying to set aside the "consent decree" by disputing the jurisdiction of the court which in 1920 they voluntarily sought and accepted. We are glad to note that Attorney General Stone planned personally to oppose this action. Probably the "consent decree" was bad busi-

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ness in the beginning, but a bargain with the Government ought not to end the minute it becomes disadvantageous to the other party.

DO AMERICANS ever read their Constitution? They talk glibly of the duty of upholding it, but how many have ever read it carefully from start to finish? If so, how long since? Certainly popular information on the subject is unusually inexact. We pick up, for instance, an Albany dispatch to the New York *Times*, and note that supporters of the child-labor amendment want the State to submit the question of ratification to a popular referendum. Massachusetts has already taken such a vote, and apparently a sentiment is growing in favor of passing on constitutional amendments by direct vote of the people. We applaud this tendency, and hence are surprised when the dispatch continues:

> The federal Constitution provides for the method in which amendments shall be adopted, and this does not contemplate a popular referendum, which under the circumstances would be unofficial and purely informative. . . . Since the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment proposals repeatedly have come before the legislature looking to a change in the method of ratifying amendments to the federal Constitution and providing for a popular referendum, either alone or supplemented by legislative action.

IF THE WRITER of the dispatch, or his informants, will turn to the Constitution, Article V will be found to say:

> The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress.

Thus the Constitution expressly says that Congress, if it chooses, may provide that proposed amendments shall be passed upon not by the State legislatures but by specially elected conventions in each State, thus giving a direct popular vote on the issue. In the case of the child-labor amendment, Congress provided that the State legislatures should pass upon the question. They cannot delegate the responsibility, although they can order a plebiscite, and, if they wish, be guided by it, as in Massachusetts. This is the most that can be done as far as the child-labor amendment goes, but the job of the future is to bring pressure upon Congress to submit constitutional amendments by the democratic and scientific methods of referring them to specially elected conventions.

OF ALL THE PRIZE AWARDS of recent months none gives us more unquestioning satisfaction than the Herman prize of $25,000 for the best educational plan to promote world peace. The award went to David Starr Jordan, chancellor emeritus of Leland Stanford Junior University, who for a quarter century has consecrated himself to education for world peace. Other peace prizes have gone to men who, however brilliant may have been their contribution in other years, failed the cause of peace in its hour of greatest need. Dr. Jordan stood by his principles through persecution and ostracism. His program calls upon the World Federation of Education Associations to establish international committees to investigate the textbooks and teaching of history, the possibilities of international interchange of students, the question of military training in the schools, and similar subjects. Whatever the concrete program, if this award calls attention and respect anew to the personality and spirit of David Starr Jordan it will effectively educate for peace.

REED COLLEGE at Portland, Oregon, under the presidency of Richard Scholz was one of the most progressive experiments in the American educational field. Even before his death the policy of the college was threatened by a section of the regents who gave ear to the Portland gossip against "dangerous ideas." Now the regents have chosen as successor to President Scholz Mr. Norman Coleman, leader of the war-time movement to supplant the I. W. W. in the mines and lumber camps. The manner of his choosing brought from the Reed College student paper a rebuke worth quoting:

> You wonder, you men of experience and maturity, why we of the younger generation in our quest for liberalism and our revaluation of old standards so frequently overshoot our marks and let passion outrun judgment. You wonder why we become what you are pleased to term "bolshevists." If you will look back over the events of the past week, you will find a clear example of the thing that makes the younger generation distrust the older.
>
> You were taking a step that concerns us—faculty and students—as vitally and intimately as it does you. You were selecting a leader whose success as an educator depends largely on our cooperation.
>
> You have assumed that there is only one body deserving of consideration in a liberal college—namely, yourselves. We maintain that there are three—regents and faculty . . . and the student body. . . . You left us to read of the appointment of the president of our college in the morning paper. . . .
>
> If you failed to consult the faculty it was a failure in principle, a disregard of a fundamental postulate of the liberal college, an autocratic and unintelligent thing. Your failure with us was of far less import. We do not pretend to wisdom; we do not expect to run the college . . . but we do claim a sharing of confidence. At a critical moment you have signally failed to enlist our cooperation and our good-will.

THE DEATH IN ENGLAND of William Archer closes a literary career as useful as it was uninspired. Born in Scotland and educated there to be a barrister, Archer came down to London in 1878 to engage in journalism, and throughout the rest of his life he served as dramatic critic on various London papers. His influence on the drama both in England and America has been considerable—for a number of years he regularly contributed letters on new English plays to *The Nation*. By no means as brilliant in his criticism as Bernard Shaw, he yet shares with Shaw the honor of introducing and defending Ibsen. His translation of Ibsen is still the standard one, though not the most powerful imaginable, and his numerous essays on the drama still have value as declaring for intelligence and critical realism in the theater. Curiously enough, the one play which he managed to write and produce was utterly lacking in intellectual distinction. "The Green Goddess" was commonplace if effective melodrama, and it owed much of its popularity to the acting of Mr. George Arliss.

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The Politics on the Rhine

THE dead hand of politics lies heavily once more upon the European situation. Again its affairs are being conducted not with a brave desire to improve conditions in the speediest possible way, but primarily with regard to each statesman's home political conditions. Thus, as we stated last week, the explanation of the Allied refusal to evacuate Cologne has at bottom nothing to do with the question of whether Germany is or is not disarming in accordance with the Versailles Treaty. Were the British to move out, the French troops remaining in the Ruhr would be surrounded by Germans on three sides, and so great is French fear of even an unarmed Germany that Premier Herriot would in that case in all probability be forced out of office and a reactionary of the Poincaré type be put in his place. Hence the orders to the Interallied Control Commission to find Germany guilty of violations of the Treaty of Versailles. That was not difficult. Article 429 reads: "If the conditions of the treaty are faithfully carried out by Germany"—then Cologne will be evacuated in five years. The Allies being the judges—no impartial body was set up to pass upon the facts—the slightest infraction could be seized upon as an excuse to decline to evacuate, and this is just what has happened. To aid Herriot the lie has been created that Germany has been guilty of bad faith.

We have no doubt whatever that this has been done with the prior knowledge of the German officials, and we, therefore, are but little moved by the bitter protestations of Dr. Stresemann. His speech to the foreign correspondents on December 30 was eloquent and unanswerable. On the face of things he has a perfect case and the German people are justified in the wave of anger and disgust which has swept over their country. The bitter injustice of the Allied procedure must rankle in every heart which is still capable of feeling—yet we have no doubt that Dr. Stresemann had his tongue in his cheek and that the German Government, for all the demands of editors as friendly to the Allies as Theodor Wolff of the Berlin *Tageblatt* and Georg Bernhard of the *Vossische Zeitung* that Germany take vigorous counter-measures of an economic nature, will, in the last analysis, do naught. The reason for our belief is that practically the same thing happened when the Dawes Plan was adopted in London. The Germans then insisted upon the immediate evacuation of the Ruhr and made a tremendous uproar to the effect that they would not sign unless the French and Belgians left the Ruhr at once. They were privately told that if they insisted upon this Herriot would fall and they would have to deal with Poincaré or some one of his type. So they agreed, but kept up their uproar as to the outrageous terms imposed upon them—for home consumption. It appears in the dispatches that the British are now working for a compromise—the New York *Herald Tribune* says joint evacuation of the Ruhr and the Cologne district in April or in May. This means that the *sub rosa* agreement with Herriot in London to give him a year to evacuate the Ruhr will be lived up to and the flank of the French Ruhr army "protected" by the British until the end of the year.

But, we hear the question asked, isn't it true that there have been German attempts to deceive the Allies in the matter of disarmament? Undoubtedly. There are foolish or criminal nationalist organizations in Germany, with a mentality corresponding to that of our National Security League or American Defense Society. We have no doubt that some of those organizations have concealed weapons and have drilled their members and planned a day of revenge. But these things are as trifles. It appears to be true that the Control Commission found fourteen old guns concealed at the Königsbrück drill-ground, and some old military equipment at Ruhleben and elsewhere, as well as 45,000 steel bars "suitable for making rifles" at Karlsruhe, and 25,000 molds for rifle barrels at the Krupp works. What ridiculous discoveries when one considers the equipment needed for a new war! Germany must have, roughly, put ten millions of men into the field during the war. She could not fight another with fewer men. As far back as 1922 General Nollet, head of the Interallied Control Commission, reported that it had supervised the destruction of 33,000 cannon, 87,000 rapid-fire guns, 4,500,000 rifles, and that Germany was entirely disarmed as to air forces and equipment. The British Under Secretary for War on May 7, 1923, declared in the House of Commons that Germany had carried out the delivery of arms and ammunition in an entirely satisfactory manner. Only on five points was there in 1922 and 1923 a difference of opinion between the Allies and the Germans: (1) The organization of the police; (2) the making over of factories used for war materials; (3) the delivery of certain unauthorized material; (4) the handing over of certain documents relating to German armaments at the time of the armistice; and (5) the alteration of certain military laws. True, Poincaré on March 5, 1924, hinted that there were still other points upon which he desired additional assurances, but most of the things now trumped up were not specified before. The hollowness of some of the new Allied contentions is illustrated by their objection that the officer commanding the Reichswehr is unprovided for and "therefore unallowable." As a matter of fact the law under which the Reichswehr and the commander exist "was altered at the *express desire of General Nollet* and was approved by him in its present form"—General von Cramon, head of the German Disarmament Commission, testifies to this out of his own knowledge.

Of course, every military man knows that Germany *is* disarmed. It has no Zeppelins and no military airplanes. It has no tanks, and in all Germany there are probably not as many motor-cars of every variety—trucks, pleasure cars, cags, etc.,—as are to be found in a city like Buffalo. Yet military men believe that the next war will see only motorized vehicles. How could Germany build an adequate number overnight? It could not in months create the necessary gas equipment or gas masks. It has no fleet, and every fort on the Rhine has been wrecked. It has not a single siege gun or gun carriage. It has no general staff and no reserve of medical supplies or equipment. When we look at the swollen militarism of France, its huge forces of tanks, airplanes, and heavy artillery, its gas service and its great standing army, we are more than ever convinced of the absurdity of the Allied contention that the Germans are really such a menace as to call for the retention of Cologne.

No, it is politics, and rather base politics, at the bottom of it all—base even though the motive is to keep in power the somewhat liberal Government of Herriot. For what

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ever may be said in behalf of this new Franco-British intrigue, it is a cowardly thing once more to besmirch a disarmed and helpless people and to pretend that they are guilty of something of which as a people and a government they are innocent. That the German politicians are "sitting in" does not alter the character of the intrigue, the result of which will be to inflame once more the hearts of all Germans and keep alive the idea of revenge which may yet reduce France, England, and Germany to ashes.

The Fickle Modern Man

THE front page knows John W. Davis no more. His fate points a moral. Public attention, more and more, is like a spotlight swung about with little care as to precisely what spot it lights, provided it be a new spot. At one moment Coué may be all the rage, then mah jong comes in, then the Prince of Wales, then an election, then cross-word puzzles. Two heavy-weight fighters meet, a race horse comes from England to contest with native horses, a dirigible crosses the ocean, income-tax records are made public and we know what John D. Rockefeller and Harold Lloyd have to pay. For a day, a week, or a month these events, great or trivial, hold the center of the stage. It makes little difference whether they are, in reality, great or trivial; for the moment we are almost as much absorbed by a new game as by a war, by a change in the length of woman's skirts as by an epoch-making decision at Geneva. The only law with regard to these foci of attention is that no one of them can hold its own long; even a Presidential campaign does not rise to the dignity of spontaneous drama until the last few days, and, barring accidents, is soon overshadowed.

A part of this fickleness is probably due, as has been pointed out, to the mechanical and geometrical limitations of our newspapers: a newspaper has but one front page and this front page has but one last column; consequently only one piece of news can be given—and one piece of news inevitably must be given—the daily place of honor. But no editor likes to serve up the same dish every day, for if he did he knows that his circulation would desert him in favor of some more resourceful rival. News topics wear out, and must be thrown away or sent to the repair shop, while others take their places. This recognized law of news depends, not upon the whims of editors, but upon the tastes of readers, and it is probable that a fickleness which has always been characteristic of the human race, and especially of the human race when gathered in masses, has been growing upon us. It would be easy, for instance, to show that the crisis of a Presidential contest extended over a longer period thirty years ago, or sixty years ago, than now.

One explanation of such a phenomenon would be that we have more interests. But here again is a result rather than a cause. The public is regaled with every variety of useless and useful information because it demands variety; craze follows craze because there is a bull market for crazes. Behind all this is a significant fact which needs more study than the sociologists have yet given it. This fact is a sharp reduction in what may be called the reaction-time of that great, sprawling organism, the public. Psychologists have made everyone reasonably familiar with the experiments designed to show how quickly an animal, human or otherwise, responds to or acts upon a given stimulus. The more highly coordinated the animal, as a rule, the quicker the response. Observe the city man crossing the street amidst heavy traffic. He displays not only a physical but a mental agility of which his grandfather would probably have been incapable.

The city man, and, to an only slightly diminished degree, the countryman, lives and moves under a continual pelting of stimuli, a storm of sights, sounds, and sensations which he is driven to interpret instantly. His attention does not so much wander as shoot from one object to another. He cannot easily find opportunity to brood, he cannot hatch ideas, by slow germination, out of his fleeting impressions. It is inevitable that he should lose, to a greater or lesser extent, the power of sustained attention; in fact sustained attention, to one caught in the rush of modern life, is almost as difficult as a careful examination of any one telegraph pole from a train traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Thus the public's reaction periods are enormously curtailed. Responses that once took months now take only days or at most weeks. And this swift response results in an equally swift oncoming of fatigue; and this fatigue makes necessary swift and sweeping transferences of attention from one object to another.

Here is a phenomenon with which not only every editor but also every philosopher, artist, scientist, or teacher must deal if he is to be successful. The technique of spreading ideas is changing. The would-be leaders of the people must be quick on their feet and quick of tongue; they must study variety and be prepared to appear successively in a multitude of disguises. Tomes give way to paragraphs; Hamlet cannot be Hamlet all the evening, but must play Polonius part of the time, and be even ready, if need be, to play the Fool. If he refuses he is likely to find the theater dark, the audience gone, and the janitors at work dismantling the scenery.

Mr. Butler, Liberal

IT is pleasant and soothing to sit back in the sanctum of *The Nation* and listen to Nicholas Murray Butler pleading for more liberty and liberalism in these United States. Time was when those liquid tones were still. When the country was being hounded into war, when minds were being conscripted as brutally as bodies, when Mitchell Palmer was misusing the power of office to arrest innocent men by the thousand—in those hectic days the calm voice of reason which is Mr. Butler's was silent. The cause of liberty had to fight its way without him. But times have changed. The grand old right to drink is at stake, and the child-labor amendment threatens to destroy sacred rights of the factory-owners; and the heroic voice of Nicholas Murray Butler is heard again in the land.

Taxes, Mr. Butler says in his annual report as president of Columbia University, menace education. "When large portions of accumulated wealth are taken by taxation," he laments, "poured into the public treasury, and then appropriated for a variety of purposes," disaster follows, although "the evil effects of the policy are for a time concealed from view." The springs of generosity are dried up. Somehow complaints about the burden of the higher schedules of the income tax leave us unmoved—we

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are more impressed by the prima facie evidence of a considerable income. Doubtless vast sums of money derived from taxes are wasted, but sometimes the springs of untaxed generosity flow in strange directions. A reader sends us a copy of the Detroit *News* reporting a ball given by an automobile-maker in the Book-Cadillac Hotel at Detroit, which included among its accessories "Live swans in a bubbling pool—caged doves cooing from behind banks of evergreen—parakeets—trees bearing genuine oranges—roses dropping from the ceiling in clouds—gusts of snow—pheasants strutting among chrysanthemums—thatched cottages—pillars of flowers ten feet high. . . ." Such stories do not conduce to distress over the taxes on large incomes. With all the respect in the world for the Dukes and the Eastmans and the Rockefellers, who have given millions of dollars to American education, we are still glad that the public taxes have created and maintained the State universities, which are increasingly the mainstay of higher education in America, and we have no fear whatever that the private universities will shrivel up and die for lack of funds. We do not recall any period when appeals for university endowments were more successful than in this very era of high income taxes against which Mr. Butler complains.

Freedom, to Mr. Butler, seems to mean principally freedom from taxation. Liberty means liberty to spend one's money on whiskey, parakeets, and university endowments. That, to be sure, is not the interpretation one would gain by reading Mr. Butler's new book, "The Faith of a Liberal"; but it is the impression one gains by studying the occasions on which he sets out crusading.

Beyond Physics

WILLIAM JAMES is known to have taken an interest during his latter years in psychological problems for which, at present, there are no solutions and which, to be sure, may not be problems at all. He flirted with spooks. He was not the first or the last scientist of high rank to do so. There is the case—sad or not as a person may prefer—of Sir Oliver Lodge. And now the name of a great Greek scholar at Oxford is added to the list. Professor Gilbert Murray, philosopher, Fabian Socialist, historian of literature, and translator of Euripides permits it to be made public that for several years he has practiced thought-transference with what he considers a fair degree of success. At one time he was president of the Society of Psychical Research, and it was at a recent meeting of this society, reported by the *Manchester Guardian*, that his experiences were discussed and placed on record.

Thoroughgoing skeptics about all this psychical business—and who would not be thorough at least in his investigation of it?—will shake their heads and ask if there has not been a noticeable decline of late in the quality of Professor Murray's intellectual output. They will be encouraged to hear that some of his readers have found him softer than he used to be. A little book on stoicism which he published a few years ago begged many questions. He developed some rather strange theories about society during and after the war, which he took with painful seriousness. And certain of his generalizations these days seem to be arrived at almost too easily or stated too glibly. But obviously there is no evidence here one way or another, particularly as Professor Murray keeps his fame and performs his scholar's function to the satisfaction of most if not all of his audience. Skeptics of another sort will listen with eagerness for the details of Professor Murray's adventures, they being persons who, without ever embracing the faith, have always been excitedly curious about "results," and have always, to their disappointment and disgust, found those results trivial or prosaic. As well never discover a spirit world, they say, as discover one from which only trite thoughts and homely news emerge. John Doe's deceased wife asks across infinite space whether her family still enjoys the *Saturday Evening Post;* someone else reveals that he has been thinking about the dear ones left on earth—and the content of his thought is not divulged.

Mr. Murray, however, is at least as entertaining as convincing in his more modest sphere of telepathy. It seems that he began his divinings back in 1916, during the war. He could leave the room where his eldest daughter sat, come back, and tell her what she had been thinking. She would have in mind Shelley's Ode to the West Wind; he would enter and say at once: "It is a poem—O wild West Wind!" And so on. He has not always been successful. Out of 236 trials since 1916 only 86 have completely satisfied him, and he has been able in general to know what kind of interference made him fail: anger or irritation in the room, loud noise, or the presence of strangers. At any rate the Society of Psychical Research deemed him so clearly a subject worth study that it sent a member to watch a test of his percipient powers held in the presence of Lord Balfour. Professor Murray entered the room and, holding one Mr. Piddington by the hand, told him correctly that he had been thinking of Queen Victoria at the moment when she learned that she was to be queen. Mr. Piddington next decided upon the subject of Thomas à Becket's murder. Professor Murray returned with the words: "This is something horrible, someone being murdered in church. . . . I first thought it was something in the Bolshevik Revolution, but I think it is the murder of Thomas à Becket." He was a little farther off when it came to Lord Balfour, who had chosen the image of Robert Walpole talking Latin to George I. "It is something eighteenth-century," Professor Murray said. "Dr. Johnson meeting George the Third in the King's Library. I am sure he is talking Latin, but he didn't. I don't think I shall get it right. I am certain it is somebody talking Latin to a king."

Lord Balfour was moved by the session to declare:

> There is a wholly unknown, unexplained, unconjectured method of traversing space between two self-conscious organisms in a manner on which no theory of sound or electricity or any theory of which we have the dimmest notion can at the moment throw any light. . . . I think these results should never be left on one side by those who imagine or who are tempted to imagine that they have got the broad outline of the universe in which we live fairly clear, and that they understand all that the physicists and physiologists can at present tell us of the methods of inter-human communication.

Skeptics of the first order will have no such declaration to make; indeed, they will inquire at once into the quality of Lord Balfour's statesmanship nowadays. Skeptics of the second order will merely be grateful that well-stored minds are in the game at last; for the present they will say no more.

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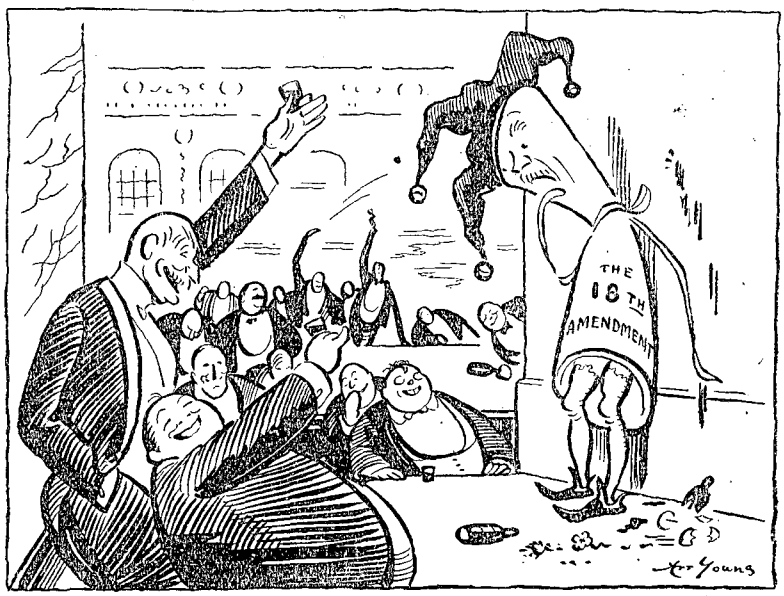
Is Prohibition Worth While?

In Defense of Science

By CHARLES PLATT

THE wisdom of enforcing complete abstinence from alcoholic beverages is no longer discussed, but only the duty of obedience. We are losing our opportunity; the most profitable time for discussing an experiment is after it has been performed, not before. Let us discuss prohibition.

But first as to the present attitude toward the law itself. That a law must be obeyed is beyond question—this is a matter solely of common sense. But legal enactments, it must be remembered, are laws only by courtesy. Laws are not made; the best man can do is to discover them. The fact that we give to the acts of our legislature the same title we give to the acts of God is unfortunate, but we need not also ascribe to them the same kind of necessity; the necessity here is a social one only, and carries only a social penalty. Nature's laws we accept—if we know them and are wise—but "laws" made by men need scrutiny. "Governments . . . derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." If resistance to law is always immoral, we have been sadly in error; our early patriots, those whom we were brought up to admire and emulate, were wrong; and it is the tories, the upholders of the law, we should be honoring.



Making a Fool of It

Consider the prohibition of alcoholic beverages. We are told that if we do not like this law we may repeal it, but that in the meantime we must give it our support. Obey and then repeal? The suggestion is hardly a frank one. A people can get adjusted to anything; forbid beefsteak, and, if all obey, the desire for steak gradually passes, a steak prohibition enters the mores, a steak taboo is developed—and the public is the loser. This is no exaggeration; substitute pork for beefsteak and the statement becomes one of historical fact.

A social law, a law dealing with the personal habits of a people, should be an expression of social custom; when it anticipates custom it misses its function and does harm. Resistance in such cases is inevitable. The public is not given to thought, but it has an uncanny way of arriving at results. It has a subconscious but keen appreciation of speciousness and tyranny and injustice, and it acts accordingly.

I am not inciting to rebellion, I am merely explaining why a state of rebellion now exists.

Prohibition may be discussed from many angles. The constitutional amendment, the Volstead Act, the enforcement regulations, and the problem of alcohol are all distinct issues. There are problems in philosophy, law, ethics, psychology, and physiology. Let us take some of these presentations separately.

The Eighteenth Amendment needs but a mention. It is a *fait accompli*, and can be undone only after a change in the manner of making amendments. However, this may be said: there will always remain a doubt in the minds of some as to whether it was wise to introduce a police ordinance into the Constitution, and this doubt must have its influence on the related problems still possible of solution. A permanent setting is proper only for general principles. There was a wave of emotion, a desire to sacrifice, and our legislators, looking to their re-election, became conscious of a call. A good dry leadership with plenty of money, an army of deeply moved citizens, and the deed was done.

The fact is, though I am now writing commonplaces, in war time the people at home like to hurt themselves; it is a psychological compensation for the suffering at the front. It makes the home-stayers feel patriotic and important. But in peace? Ah, in peace the old ego, what was once called the devil, reasserts itself. It is liberty now that appeals, not sacrifice. And there *is* a question of liberty here; no beating of the social drum can quite drown its voice. As Chesterton says, the right to choose one's own diet is of all personal liberties the most personal. "To deny this liberty, and respect any other liberty, is like forbidding legs and elaborately preserving trousers."

Not but that it is a good principle of social government to sink the desires of the few in the good of the group, but to urge this formula in support of prohibition is to beg the question. One should first demonstrate that it is the good of the group which will be achieved. Social order and happiness are reached through adjustment. Prohibition is a failure of adjustment. Cain found the problem of Abel too much for him. And now society finds the problem of alcohol too much for it. We have adopted Cain's solution, but probably never before has Cain been considered a good model.

Look at it from another standpoint. Some men abuse alcohol, therefore all men must be deprived. It is not, then, after all, that the few must give way for the benefit of the many, but that the many must give way for the benefit of the few. Now, of course, if one uses this as an adverse argument the finger of reproach is lifted and one is instantly reminded of that blind question, asked long ago,

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"Am I my brother's keeper?" But let us see—what we are really after is the true social good, the good of the group. Oliver Cromwell was no roisterer, no backer of saloons; but Cromwell writes: "Your pretended fear lest error should step in is like the man who would keep all wine out of the country lest men should be drunk." And again: "It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it." "The question as to just how far a law may go and yet be a brace to the moral sense of the community rather than a red flag flaunted in the face of a bull," say Blackman and Gillian, "has not been very carefully determined." Into which of these categories shall the prohibition law be placed?

In the passing of the Volstead Act we have the doubtfully pleasing picture of a congress of learned and honorable politicians deciding a physiological truth by ballot. But it takes more than a scientific question to daunt a legislator. "Do I look like I was descended from a monkey?" asks one of our State legislators. And it being agreed that he did not, evolution was all but condemned, being saved to the world but by a single vote. Is not this assurance somewhat presumptuous? Would it be right, for example, to decide by lay ballot whether or not the influenza is contagious? This is what Congress has endeavored to do; it has tried to decide, by voting, a problem purely medical and physiological in nature. Is Congress really able to determine what is and what is not an intoxicating liquid? As a chemist and physician, I would have thought that technical knowledge was here necessary. Does the passage of a law declaring any liquor containing more than one-half of one per cent alcohol intoxicating, really make it so?

And what becomes of the Eighteenth Amendment through this unlearned interpretation? Well, the Eighteenth Amendment has been made absurd, and this is not good for any amendment. We have now an amendment and a law. What is to be said of the law's effectiveness? In October, 1923, in Philadelphia alone 1,300 saloons were known by the authorities to be in full operation. The best that can be said is what Anacharsis, the friend of Solon, said of law in general, that it is like a spider's web, it catches the weak, the strong break through. Shall we increase the penalties? Penalties do not as a rule accomplish much. Henry VIII, according to the Holinshed Chronicle, "did hang up three score and twelve thousand petty thieves and vagabonds" without affecting seriously either occupation.

But as to alcohol itself—is it not possible that all the prevailing misrepresentation and humbuggery may ultimately be found justified in the great blessings to be brought by the removal of alcohol from the scene? This is quite possible but, not being a legislator, I do not know. That alcohol in excess is capable of doing harm there can be no shadow of doubt. The same may be said of coffee, of pork, and of legislation. There is certainly real harm to the children. Alcohol has joined with philanthropy in contributing to our orphan asylums and homes for defectives. And aside from this effect of abuse, mortality, it is claimed, is increased even by only occasional drinking. Alcohol "bleaches the stomach" and "eats off its coats."

How large is the menace? The grand total of alcoholics among approximately 3,500,000 individuals examined for the army was 3,200—less than one-tenth of one per cent, less than one in a thousand. I quote from Dr. Pierce Bailey, an acknowledged expert, in an article in the *North American Review* for February, 1921. Is this number, small as it is, too large? Compare it with that of other disabilities, and it will seem to shrink. Further: of the mental defectives in the army, only 9 per cent had a history of intemperance—91 per cent had not—and of these defectives, 40 per cent were abstainers. This is a rather larger proportion of abstainers, I take it, than existed among the normal of the population—does abstinence, then, make for defectiveness, or is it just that defectives go in for that kind of thing?

"Alcoholism is a sign of something but by no means necessarily a cause for anything," says R. G. MacRobert in the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* It is a sign of a craving for rest and relaxation; it is a sign of a craving for escape from the realities of life. It is a sort of Grimm's fairy tale or motion-picture comedy for the adult whose nerves have gone wrong. It has saved many a man from collapse, and it has saved society from many an antisocial outburst. A tired man is an irritable man, and rest to him, in the time available, may be impossible. He may be "too tired to eat" and "too tired to sleep"—and then steps in alcohol. It is not the alcohol that rests, but the nerves of the man are standing in the way of his rest, and it is the alcohol which releases these taut nerves and makes rest possible. The over-tired laborer is no blessing to the home, but a glass of beer may change him. "Yes," some will cry, "it will probably make him drunk!" But, putting aside this optimistic, congressional estimate of the potency of beer, there is still this to be thought of—the man who got drunk in the old days is still getting drunk today. Philadelphia reports 43,155 arrests for drunkenness in 1922, a record for both before and after the advent of prohibition. The only difference is that now drunkenness costs more and lasts longer. Wood alcohol takes its quota in death and blindness, and home-distilled liquors are dangerous even though they contain no wood alcohol. In these new liquors, from which the public was once protected, propyl, amyl, and other alcohols are all present, and these are truly poisonous—there is no doubt about that. As a matter of fact, it is probably the partial realization of this situation that has prevented bootlegging from becoming a perfect success.

The inmates of our institutions have, many of them, been users of alcohol, but it is safe to say that it is rarely alcohol that has placed them there. These unfortunate ones are physically and psychically abnormal—and this abnormality finds alcohol a relief. It was this thought which led the American Psychological Association to condemn prohibition. Normal individuals do not become alcoholics; there must be a predisposing cause. The alcohol here is but a symptom, and this, if removed, can but be replaced by some other, possibly more socially dangerous. Feeble-minded and psychopathic children may be born of alcoholic parents, but the question is, Were not these parents probably psychopathic before they became alcoholic?

Does alcohol in moderation really poison? Rivers found that in doses containing from 5 to 20 c.c. of *absolute* alcohol—as much as one would get in a drink of something far stronger than beer—as regards capacity for work, there was no effect. With doses containing 40 c.c. of absolute alcohol, there was some effect—frequently an increase in ability. It was only when this 40 c.c. was exceeded that disabilities became sure. Abuse of alcohol, like the abuse of anything else, lowers vitality, lowers the ability to work, lowers the viability of offspring, but its temperate use in the absence of degenerate stigmata has yet to be proved

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wrong—the insurance companies' rulings to the contrary notwithstanding. Demonstrations of the evil effects of alcohol are indeed numerous. Guinea-pigs fed for long periods on alcohol show many evidences of poisoning, both in themselves and in their succeeding generations. But such experiments are unnatural. Feed a guinea-pig only on ice-cream soda and it will not live to have any succeeding generations. Says Watson, "If one examines the history of races, the fact appears that the stronger nations have always been the largest consumers of alcohol." The explanation of this fact, given by the reformers, is the same as that which is offered when the elephant is held up as an example of the value of vegetarianism—"it is their strength which enables them to stand it."

I find myself arguing for alcohol, and this is not my intention. As a matter of fact, I am not at all confident. I consider the problem of alcohol still unsettled; I believe it to be quite possible that were all alcohol removed from the world's beverages the totality of effect might be good. I feel sure that a return to the old abuses would be most unfortunate. I am heartily in sympathy with the thoughtful reformer. But I am not in sympathy with extravagance and dishonesty. The purpose of this article is not prophecy; its purpose is a fourfold comment on the present. I write, first, as an expression of indignation at the manner of prohibition's enforcement. I do not believe that the road to good can be over a pathway of lies. I write, secondly, in defense of the resisting and criminal public. I write, thirdly, to urge upon legislators their duty of reopening this question and of considering it rationally. I wish to make it clear that it is their affair, not the public's, and that they are the ones who are truly responsible for the present disorder. And, fourthly, I write to preach temperance.

The public has been unkindly criticized by the very people who presented the public with their problem. The public, it is said, has been behaving badly, and, what is the worst of all, it has even been said that the public in this matter is hypocritical. Hypocritical? How can this be? Defiance is not hypocritical, defiance is of the very essence of candor. The public has been disconcertingly frank. It has been led to water, but it has positively refused to drink.

But as regards temperance. When prohibition came in, a true temperance was already in sight—we were even then really nearing Aristotle's "golden goal." Drinking long ago had ceased to be a virtue. Far other than this; drunkenness had come gradually to be regarded as an affliction; it was a shame to the victim, it was not displayed. To drink freely, even, was a sign of vulgarity. Three cocktails might be permitted to a Babbitt, but to a gentleman, never!

Here was the happy effect of a normal evolution, the result of the natural movement of society toward wisdom. Nor was this evolution limited to "gentlemen" only. Dr. Bailey places the admissions to the New York State hospitals for "alcoholic insanity," first admissions, as 10.8 per cent in 1909, 5.6 per cent in 1915, and 1.9 per cent in 1920. Nor is this last figure affected by the coming in of prohibition—alcoholic insanity is not developed overnight. It is interesting to note however, that, dishonestly omitting 1915, the advocates of prohibition have used these figures in support of their cause. If we place 1909 and 1920 in juxtaposition they do look convincing—it needs 1915 to reveal what was really going on. However, *since* 1920, both in New York and Massachusetts, there has been a decided *increase* in "alcoholic insanity"—and nothing further need be said.

The Effect of Alcohol on Man

By EUGENE LYMAN FISK

CAN it be said that civilized man is a good animal? Does the physical state of civilized man, as we find him on the average, inspire us with confidence in the sanity and wisdom of all his time-honored and established customs?

Long before the war the Life Extension Institute, in its examination of people in all walks of life, made clear the serious deficiencies of the adult population. In an original analysis of 10,000 industrial and commercial workers actively engaged at their tasks, and supposedly in good physical condition, 83 per cent showed evidences of nose and throat defects (17 per cent marked or serious); 53 per cent showed defective vision uncorrected; 21 per cent, flat feet; 56 per cent, defective teeth; 62 per cent of mouths X-rayed showed root infection; 12 per cent of those examined showed well-marked changes in the heart, blood vessels, and kidneys; 9 per cent showed marked lung signs requiring observation for possible tuberculosis.

During the war the veil was lifted, and well-groomed, well-clothed, supposedly well-fed man stood forth in his nakedness to be measured for his fitness to fight. In the British population only 36 per cent (ages 18 to 42) qualified for active service. The British worker of 45 was described as an old man.

Since then the examination of 350,000 people by the Institute has confirmed the earlier testimony as to man's physical inadequacies and his needlessly shortened health span and work span. Such conditions of widespread physical inadequacy are not incompatible with a decreasing death-rate brought about largely by the conquest of tuberculosis, epidemic disease, and diseases of children.

Accepting, then, without further debate, the overwhelming evidence as to man's gross physical deficiencies, as measured by a reasonable standard of animal excellence, we may proceed to consider alcohol. This is a problem in pharmacology and not in demonology. The personification of alcohol as the Demon Rum has obscured the consideration of alcohol, the drug. There is no reason why we should study alcohol in any other way than we study carbolic acid or chloroform or arsenic or morphine. One service that prohibition has rendered to society has been to strip the mask from alcoholic indulgence and reveal it for what it is, a drug indulgence.

When prohibition went into effect and it became difficult to procure ordinary intoxicating beverages, the nonconformists proceeded to manufacture a drug mixture of absolute alcohol and extract of juniper berries and called it "synthetic gin," the formulas for which were matters of parlor conversation. Later, the bootlegger got into the game and produced the horrible stuff which he now markets. In pre-prohibition days, many people sipping their beer, wine, or whiskey had persuaded themselves that they were drinking normal, thirst-quenching, refreshing beverages and did not classify these products as being merely dilutions of alcohol. The procedures involved in making synthetic gin, however, reveal a frank confession that the consumer is after the drug, and nothing else.

We are now well posted as to the drug effects of ethyl alcohol, that is, the alcohol found in beverages made and marketed under normal conditions. The painstaking and thoroughly unbiased scientific investigations of Benedict,

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Dodge, and Miles of the Carnegie Institution have confirmed the previous testimony of other investigators that alcohol is a narcotic drug contributing nothing to the organic efficiency of the body even when taken in moderate beverage doses. On the contrary, it impairs the protective machinery of the body, even in 2.75 per cent dilution, as shown in Miles's recent study. Such dilutions are toxic, if not intoxicating in the popular sense.

At this point I want to emphasize the importance of taking into consideration one of the most serious effects of alcohol, which is never measured in the laboratory and never could be so measured, namely, habit formation and increasing indulgence. That is what is most feared in life-insurance practice. Alcohol, through its effects on the nervous and mental mechanism, lowers the guard of the individual physically, mentally, and morally. The highest quality which it has to recommend it for human service, that of blunting the sense of worry and releasing the play instincts, likewise renders it a most dangerous instrument to be employed for such service in lieu of constructive recreational and character-building measures. The laboratory man and animal are under strict control; in society, a man who uses alcohol is placed in many situations where the lowering of his mental, moral, and physical guard by alcohol impairs his life adjustments.

The effect of alcohol on large masses of lives has been cold-bloodedly investigated by life-insurance experts. The first in this field were certain British companies which separated their policy-holders into two distinct classes, abstainers and non-abstainers, the latter including only temperate users acceptable for life insurance. The difference in favor of the abstainers was so marked—38 per cent—over a long period of years that this excited a great deal of actuarial investigation and discussion. Formerly these figures were questioned by experts in this country, the difference in favor of the abstainers being explained on the hypothesis that they were peculiar people, clergymen, health cranks, and other unusual types who would naturally follow conservative habits of living generally. This was denied by the actuarial experts who compiled the British statistics and who had no reason to be personally biased. It was maintained that the abstaining policy-holders were the same general type of people as the drinkers.

In 1912, forty-one American life-insurance companies investigated their mortality experience, covering two million lives. They were not able to give any experience on total abstainers, but they classified their policy-holders with regard to the degree of indulgence and found the following increase in death-rate over that shown by policy-holders generally:

	Per cent
Steady, moderate drinkers, but accepted as standard risks	86
Giving history of past excess, now temperate	50
Very moderate drinkers	18

(In the steady drinking group the death-rate from cirrhosis of the liver was five times the normal and from diabetes, tuberculosis, pneumonia, and suicide twice the normal. Deaths from Bright's disease and accident were also in excess.) Following this study the life-insurance experts, both medical and actuarial, generally acknowledged the life-shortening effect of even moderate drinking. The groups studied were for all practical purposes homogeneous, except for their varying use of alcohol, and proper groups for comparison. To weed out those increasing their indulgence as the observation continued—as was done in Pearl's investigation—would be to exclude one of the most important effects of so-called "moderate" drinking and destroy the practical value of a study having for its object an estimation of the risks of moderate drinking.)

On the basis of this study the New York Life Insurance Company, the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company checked up the findings among their policy-holding bodies and added a greater weight of testimony as to the life-shortening effect of alcohol. The experience of the Northwestern is particularly valuable, in that they were able to produce a study of total abstainers as compared with drinkers classified as to their varying degrees of indulgence. The study covers 286,000 lives over a period of thirty years (1885-1915), and shows the following results:

	Per cent
Increased death-rate among moderate, occasional users of alcohol	19
Increased mortality among daily users of beer	33
Increased mortality among daily users of spirits	66

(These percentages represent the excess mortality as compared to that among total abstainers.)

These life-insurance figures have been questioned by people who are not familiar with the mechanism of life-insurance selection and the actual practices of the offices. It is well for the public to keep in mind that these figures were compiled and interpreted by medical men, actuaries, and statisticians having a heavy business responsibility, and that there was no propagandist motive behind the study.

On the other hand, certain critics of these studies, writing from an academic rather than practical standpoint, have advanced some extraordinary contentions. Professor Raymond Pearl has constructed some life-tables on groups so small as to have no statistical value, even if they were homogeneous in regard to original health and other characteristics; for example, there were 276 excessive male drinkers in one group and 26 excessive female drinkers in another. To construct life-tables on such groups, derived from the family records of inmates of hospitals and dispensaries and those brought into delinquent courts, and cast out the records of more than 2,000,000 lives that had been medically examined and accepted for life insurance and were of the average class that applies for life insurance, is to severely stretch the license that is accorded to statisticians.

On the basis of life-insurance experience it may be said that while we cannot predict exactly what alcohol will do, even in great excess, to a particular individual, we may confidently say what it will do, used even in moderation, to any large group of individuals.

Everything that has here been said with regard to the effect of alcoholic beverages made and marketed under normal conditions must be multiplied with regard to bootleg or moonshine whiskey. Bootleg whiskey is, as a rule, badly made and contains certain types of poisonous substances termed "aldehydes." Acetaldehyde, said to be a common product of these faulty distillations, is a highly poisonous substance. The effect of these moonshine liquors is to bring on more quickly the state of intoxication, to cause greater mental disturbance, and proportionately at least to produce a high alcoholic death-rate.

It is interesting, with this in mind, to trace the course

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of the death-rate in the registration area in the past fifteen years:

DEATHS FROM ALCOHOLISM

Per 100,000 of Population

1906-1910	1911-1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922 (Reg. States)
5.6	5.1	5.8	5.2	2.7	1.6	1	1.8	2.6

It will be observed that the first reaction to prohibition was to reduce the death-rate from alcoholism to about one-fifth that of pre-prohibition days. As various ways were found to market substitutes for conventional alcoholic beverages, the death-rate began to rise slightly; but it is now about one-half of what it was before prohibition, and in the first quarter of 1924, according to life-insurance reports, it is again going down.

Keeping in mind the high toxicity of the liquor now in circulation, we must assume that the actual consumption of intoxicating beverages for the country at large is small compared to what it was under prohibition. We are also entitled to congratulate ourselves on the low death-rate for the country at large which has been maintained for the past five years, and to conclude that the reduction in the consumption of alcohol has been one factor, among others equally important, at work. Is it necessary for human happiness or desirable for human advancement that a powerful drug like alcohol should be used on the initiative of the individual and without medical control, as a means of life easement? The human race is in its infancy with probably several million years ahead in which to work out its destiny on this planet. The constructive optimist will face human frailties and insufficiencies with high hope that the spirit and intelligence of man will find a more dependable and rational means of attaining happiness and life adjustment than that of simply buying a drink.

What Spain Faces

By CARLETON BEALS

NOWHERE in the world have I seen women with such apple-red cheeks or such splendidly built rhythmic bodies as those in the little seaport fishing town of Coruña, where I first set foot on Spanish soil. They seized my baggage the very moment I stepped from the Aduana. A girl with smooth black hair and green kerchief knotted about her head balanced suitcase and Royal typewriter on her head and with heavy valises in either hand nonchalantly set out with long, even strides and swaying grace for the *pension;* another followed with my hundred-pound trunk snuggled on her shoulder. An importunate third, shoved aside by a Royal Guard, turned on him tooth and nail and trampled his black Napoleonic hat in the mud; I have an idea she would do the same to "Cousin" Rivera if she could get her hands on him.

It may seem trivial and facetious to mention the red cheeks of the girls of Coruña when the great Primo de Rivera still struts the Spanish stage; yet the women of Coruña symbolize for me the most vital tendency in modern Spanish life. I had come to Spain expecting to encounter a backward land—unenlightened, even degenerate. And sore spots I found, gaping and open to the most casual gaze: Estremadura, with its despondent, isolated agrarian districts; Madrid, festering with the vice of its idle bureaucracy; beautiful Andalusia, chained to the rock of absenteeism. But around the fringe of the Peninsula has grown up a new Spain; Coruña, Bilboa, Malaga, Barcelona are rude and aggressive but vital and wholesome. Barcelona is one of the most modern cities of Europe; it is clean, bustling, energetic, with beautiful drives and parks, efficient port-service, the widest boulevard in the world. In fact, all the outlying, sea-fronting provinces of Spain are fairly prosperous. Their prosperity varies directly with their distance from Madrid and ministerial paternalism. Picture Spain with the incubus of diseased, spider-like centralism, parasitically sucking its pallid life from the more vigorous seacoast provinces. Hence, today, the semi-industrialized Catalonia demands autonomy; the Basques constantly battle the center; and a spirit of regional independence has grown up in Galicia, Andalusia, and Valencia. The red cheeks of Coruña are symbolical of this revitalized regionalism which, though it threatens the stability of the Spanish state, yet, perhaps, holds the only hope of a new national revival.

The Lliga Regionalista de Catalunya—the Catalan Home-Rule League—has postulated the following demands:

1. The Catalan state to be autonomous with sovereign control over its internal affairs.
2. A parliament to be responsible to the Catalan people.
3. An executive power responsible only to the Catalan parliament.
4. The enforcement of Catalan law, parliament to be the instrument of its insurrection.
5. A Catalan judicial power with a supreme court to have final jurisdiction over all trials and suits of Catalan origin.
6. Official use of the Catalan tongue and its unrestricted use in all private and public activities.
7. A federated union, Spanish or Iberian, directed by a central authority to have charge of foreign relations, interstate relations, the army and navy, communications, money, weights and measures, customs, etc.

How has the decadent center, largely based upon the Roman-old dominance of aristocracy, church, and army, blocked this tendency toward regionalism and federated republicanism? Primarily by *caciquismo.* For generations the local political and economic life of Spain has been dominated by local bosses, or *caciques,* who correspond to the *jefes politicos* of the Diaz epoch in Mexico. The Spanish cacique buys or orders votes, ruins his opponents, dispenses privileges, sells government documents and protection. Being directly answerable to the center, caciquismo is a flexible instrument of coercion and tyranny.

Caciquismo is responsible for many vices, but, above all, for the absence of bona fide political parties. The empty *rotativista* system has prevailed in national politics since the days of Isabella. This system was reintrenched by the Pact of El Pardo at the death-bed of Alfonso XII, which guaranteed that parliamentary control should shuttle between the Conservatives and Liberals to the exclusion of Republicans, Socialists, Carlists, and all lesser breeds without the law. Only in the larger centers, where caciquismo cannot openly flourish, have independent groups gained foothold.

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Another terrible incubus on the development of modern Spain is the corruption of the priests. They are ubiquitous —the Spanish priests. Everywhere they buzz about the honey-jar; they crowd the railway compartments; their black robes and shovel hats bob in the lobbies of the best *pensiones* and hotels; they flaunt their women in the streets and the cafes. A new Boccaccio is needed to do them justice.

Equally in evidence is the army—a chocolate-soldier assortment: violent blue jackets and scarlet pantaloons; flamboyant purple plumes and green cockades; enormous German steel helmets; pikes and spears, battle-axes and halberds, medals and gold braid. There are 369 generals on general's pay hustling an army of 311,000; and in all there are 20,000 staff officers—enough to command the hosts of a William II. The uniform is everywhere—thick as daisies before the cows come.

Bureaucratism, ecclesiasticism, militarism, all centralized under an obsolete monarchical regime, have obstructed modernization. Communications: the train-service is antiquated, abominable. Endless hours I have wasted in unheated, unlighted stations. All of one freezing night I paced the windy platform in the Plasencia junction, waiting for the through express from Madrid to Lisbon. Not until ten the next morning did it come limping along, having suffered two derailments. Its compartments were crowded and dirty, unheated, and incommodious; the car lurched like a ship at sea. From Madrid to Paris—670 miles—requires less time than from Madrid to Oporto—260 miles. Road communications are even worse; 4,000 villages are closed to all wheeled traffic.

Spain is a sad, stern land; but if nature is cruel, man is crueler. Absenteeism is the curse of rural Spain. When in Madrid I often hiked out to the surrounding Vega; but though there were miles on end of uncultivated land I was invariably chased back into the main road by the inevitable Guardia. "This belongs to His Majesty the King." "This belongs to His Highness, Count Fulano." And when one penetrates into such isolated and melancholy areas as Estremadura, the backwash of broken empire and the curse of absenteeism have harshened and well-nigh strangled the lives of the people. Beggars are everywhere. On the train to Badajoz I actually saw a poor fellow dressed in skins. From the zigzag ocher lanes of the smaller towns stretches the long bony hand of hunger. Behind the picturesqueness of angled wall and historic battlement crouches the tragedy of people blunted and broken by poverty. From medieval lintels peeks the ragged dirty tousle-headed child, the rickety reality of modern Spain.

The debased coin of poverty is ignorance. Sixty per cent of the people can neither read nor write. On the train southwest toward the Portuguese frontier, a man asked me: "Where is your *tierra?*" "California." "How many hours before you get there?" This ignorance of the modern outside world is characteristic even of the so-called educated classes. A marquesa, bejeweled like an Orpheum Circuit queen, asked me: "And how do you travel in California, by camels or on horseback?" Psychologically the Spaniard has never adjusted himself to the loss of the empire. Pride and arrogance are the two tragic notes of Spanish character. A few liberals, such as Ariquistain, Noel, Blasco Ibañez, were conceived from the Zeus's head of national defeat—after the loss of Cuba and the Philippines; but the apathy of intrenched superiority deadens the Spanish mentality and stifles all spirit of improvement. "The coal of Spain is rather inferior?" I inquire. "The coal of Spain is the best in the world," comes the bristling, typical reply.

Spain, inclosed by mountain and sea, looking westward toward an empire it conquered and lost and south toward the desolate Sahara, is singularly isolated, closed to all the forward-looking currents of the Western World. It has been riveted to an economic and social backwardness inconceivable to minds nourished on English constitutionalism. Its governmental traditions are Roman, Caesarian, the superstate tradition, government by divine right, power as opposed to social responsibility. Thus the Spanish Government is still an aristocratic, theocratic, military hierarchy, steeped in feudalism. Economic backwardness, poor communications, absenteeism, ignorance and illiteracy, and a bigoted patriotism complete the sordid side of the picture.

There is nothing really new or striking in the Primo de Rivera administration. His coup has merely flung the high-light of publicity upon the evils I have described. We read Primo de Rivera's decree against the separatist movement of Catalan, the interdiction of the Catalan language, the dismissal of 160 professors from the Institute of Catalan studies, the arrest and execution of Barcelona rioters. Actually these measures have been taken time and again during the past ten years or so by every minister in power. Even the liberal, now-exiled Conde de Romanones (whose debased silver *duros* are the execration of every Spanish shopkeeper) bought off the Catalan separatist, Camba, and proceeded to stifle the Catalan Home-Rule League. Catalan professors often have been dismissed; prominent Catalan leaders have been assassinated on their doorsteps; and Premier Dato (assassinated four years ago) made wholesale arrests and deported hundreds of separatists and syndicalists to the Balearic Islands and the slave-pen Fernando Po. Men in high positions in all parts of Spain have been imprisoned, even executed. If previous governments have not been so intrepid as to attack personalities so internationally prominent as Unamuno, Romanones, or Ossorio y Gallardo, other men in the past have fallen before the bureaucracy. Maura officially murdered Ferrer; and the governmental juggernaut has rolled over other social heretics. And if the censorship has never been so generalized before, past ministers have been past masters in effectively controlling the leading dailies and suppressing lesser lights.

It is true that Riverismo hasn't the slightest taint of democratic origin. Fascismo, its accepted model, was built out of active popular groups—the anti-governmental Nationalists, the discharged *arditi* (shock-troops), and the syndicalists; but Primo de Rivera represents the *army in power*. The army has long been the secret instrument of control. It was inevitable that, as in old Rome, the army should come to demand undivided and unmolested control and constitute itself the state. Circumstances facilitated this. The troublous repressions on which Spain has so frequently embarked, and the Moroccan disasters of 1917 (when ten thousand troops were massacred), of 1922 and 1923, followed by sensational investigations and trials, had led to hysteria in all ranks of society. Renovation was demanded. The strong force, the army, took upon itself the right to renovate. The army, strengthened for fifteen years by war-graft and control of the foreign policy, seized the psychological, economic, and political opportunity to take over the reins of government and subordinate church and aristocracy to its own purposes. And today, though the Cardinal, the

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Archbishop Primate of Toledo, the Archbishops of Valladolid, Valencia, and Siguenza, and the Bishop of Madrid have all issued parochial letters advising support of the present regime, the real control has slipped from the church and from the aristocracy into the hands of the more virile army. Martial law has now controlled Spain for over a year. The government of the provinces is in the hands of the military governors; the odious *somaten,* the musket-armed constabulary heretofore used only in Catalan, have been sent to all parts of Spain; five hundred army officials have been sprinkled throughout the land as mentors to right conduct.*

The next step in the process is clear—schism in the army. If the army becomes the one avenue of social control, then, however devious and diluted, the ideas that motivate peoples and nations will debouch into the army itself. The frequency of rebellions by troops embarking for Morocco and the bloody uprising of 1917, rooted in the secret *juntas militares,* revealed rank-and-file disaffection. Today this disaffection exists in the highest quarters. Primo de Rivera has been obliged to arrest Generals Berenguer, Serabia, and former Minister of War Zamora for addressing a meeting in the Palace Hotel in Madrid, and to sentence the first two to six months' imprisonment. The fulminations of Unamuno, Romanones, and Blasco Ibañez in France show which way the wind is blowing; the disastrous retreat in Morocco will increase public discontent; but the next shift in affairs is likely to come from the disgruntled elements in the army itself, with attendant crumbling of discipline and social stability that can only be, in its immediate effects, tragically catastrophic.

New Morals for Old

The Comic Lover

By CARL VAN DOREN

OF all the arts and sciences known to mankind, John Thane insists, the art of love, which is also a science, is the least known and the worst applied.

"I think I could go a long way toward proving," he said to me one day, "that the entire folk-lore of love has been invented by children and transmitted by old maids. How otherwise are you to account for the preposterous nonsense which furnishes the assumptions upon which the erotic stories of the people are based? They assume that virgins are ardent, most wives accessible, and any man amorous with respect to any woman at any opportunity. The physiology of such stories is mythical, and the psychology grotesque. Though they constitute, without much doubt, the largest department of folk-lore in existence, and interest a larger number of persons than any other, they are mere artifice, fed upon pure superstition. Taking for granted, as they do, that love is a matter of enormous importance, they nevertheless reduce it to a perpetual laughing-stock."

"Would you have it thought less important," I asked him, "or less laughable?"

"Both. At least I hate to see love regarded as either ritual or farce. Of course, I must admit that the improper stories have at least a certain hearty gusto about them, a lack of sentimental squeamishness. They permit the two sexes to play something like equal roles in love, instead of assigning to the men, as do many of the traditional codes, the role of powerful hands, and to the women the role of pretty putty. Still, these improper stories, the sole source of information about love for the great bulk of the populace, are hopelessly inadequate. Yet when you leave them to look elsewhere for knowledge concerning this art and science which touches every life, you find yourself often straying. Soft, sweet clouds surround you; gray ignorance hinders you; inflexible taboos constrict you; chilly silence muffles your inquiring voice. Any mature and civilized person knows ten times, a hundred times, as much about love as has ever been put into words for general circulation. Consequently the science of love is hocus-pocus, and the art of love is little but rule of thumb. Men in love, Balzac said so accurately that he can never be too often quoted, are like apes trying to play the violin."

"I wish," I urged my friend, "you would be more specific."

"Very well, look at the Victorian conception of the relations of the sexes. Tennyson, with all his talk about the considerate justice which men and women owe each other, still felt obliged to argue that

> woman is not undevelopt man,
> But diverse;

and when he came to the climax of his passage he rose to this image:

> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words.

It will not do to say, as might be said for Tennyson, that the words in a composition are no more important than the music. He might have defended himself thus, but the habit of thinking which prompted this particular image is unmistakable: it assumes that man is the first element in the relationship and that woman naturally adapts herself to him. Now I maintain that this conception may have been good enough for Moses, but that it might well arouse questions in the mind of Moses's wife. Certainly it aroused the questions which gradually did away with the Victorian conception in all enlightened minds."

"But has it been wisely done away with? I heard an eminent physician say not long ago that all sorts of sex disturbances have come about as a result of this rapid change. His argument was, in effect, that women have been strengthened at the expense of men, to the disadvantage of both of them. The strength of men, he maintains, has in a large measure grown out of their dominance. From being dominant they grew proud, and from being proud they grew bold, and from being bold they developed the qualities of mastery which the race required in its long struggle with nature. Not men alone but women and their children were thereby benefited. Now, however, with loss of dominance has gone loss of pride and boldness, and with them, too, have

* We print in the International Relations Section this week an account of a military execution which illustrates vividly the methods of the present regime in Spain.

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gone the correlative humility and prudence of women; so that the ancient balances are upset. Sooner or later another equilibrium, the physician hoped, might be arrived at, but in the meantime the world of the sexes is in a turmoil. Do you agree with him?"

"I agree with several of his facts without wholly agreeing with his conclusions. It is true enough that women have been the proving-ground for men. Anyone who has ever watched a young man during his first successful experience in love must have noticed his sudden growth in self-respect. His youthful timidity falls away from him. He assumes an equal rank with his experienced elders. He feels that something immensely precious has responded to his will and that he has been exalted by his victory. It helps him to the courage which he needs if he is to welcome, or endure, the responsibilities which may follow."

"You mean if he marries and settles down?"

"Something like that. In any case, it was upon this exaltation that the Victorian scheme of love permitted him to found his career. Having won his woman, he would plant her as his wife upon his hearth to wait for him whenever he should come back to it. In all his forays of war or work or sport he would be conscious of this mild watcher by his fireside. To her he would bring, in the traditional imagery, his wounds to be bound up. But in practice, most of the wounds which he brought home were scratches in his egotism. His wife, tending him, intensified it. He learned first to expect her ministrations and then to demand them. So long as he could count upon them, he could rest assured that there was one assuaging, one malleable substance in his universe, though there might be no other. That his wife, this comfortable substance, was a distinct human entity might hardly occur to him. And, indeed, if she were married young enough and kept in enough subordination, she might herself not realize it. Out of such a relationship could develop the division of labor hinted at in the line of Victorian verse which runs

For men must work and women must weep."

"Come, come! Not all the Victorians were as bad as Kingsley."

"Granted that their orthodox conception of love and marriage was only an ideal, or even a standard posture, still it furnished the prevailing pattern and it colored most lawful unions."

"My friend the physician," I said, "would probably claim that there was something biological in all this."

"Your friend the physician probably would. But suppose you and I do nothing more biological than to consider the experience of any intelligent and honest man in the matter. He will admit, if he is really honest, that he now and then feels the pull of the Victorian idea. It would be pleasant to find himself forever estimated by adoring eyes; to own a realm in which his wishes were the principal legislation; to build up his power on another's sacrifice; to share, within his limits, the mood of God. But if a man is also intelligent he will soon see that by this arrangement he is himself deprived of something genuinely desirable. Leave justice to the woman out of account. There remains the simple fact that a man can have more delight and joy with a woman who is in every possible respect his equal than with a woman who accepts, however willingly, a status of subordination. Such subordination may make for peace, but it is the peace of the man who lets easy habits dominate him. He becomes fat and sluggish, whereas true joy has always something lean and athletic about it. When equality in love exists the world of the lovers is not only doubled by the presence of two wills in it but is multiplied many times. In no other circumstances are two heads so much better than one. There is an endless give and take, a continuous refreshment springing from the interchange of ideas and emotions. The conflicts which arise have a chance of being settled without resort to either tyranny or craft. Instead of settling into the tedium which is the paralysis of love, the joint life of a man and woman who cherish equality between them abounds in fresh charms every day."

"I am afraid you are arguing on the assumption that romantic ecstasy persists," I said.

"That is just what I am not doing, though I do not mean to undervalue romantic ecstasy, which is a glory while it lasts. Nor do I for one second agree with those dull persons who believe that love may be measured by its length. A day of some loves is worth a century of others. What I am arguing for may be called the comic conception of love."

"I remember you once talked to me about the Comic Patriot. Do you mean that there is such a thing as a Comic Lover?"

"Precisely," said John Thane. "I believe that in the hands of the Comic Lover lies the future of equal love. This does not mean that I view lightly the force of an instinct which men for thousands of years have hedged about with laws and sacraments and accepted emotions, and which has found in obscenity an outlet for preoccupations and curiosities which might otherwise be unbearable. But I cannot take too seriously the false fears of love which have been thus created. Toward them the Comic Lover is courageous."

"I am not sure that I understand what these false fears are."

"Well, one of them is the fear that love will not live forever, and that, if it does not, the lovers will be lost. The Comic Lover, having observed the brevity of so many loves in so many men and women, prepares himself against a similar fate so far as he is able. He seeks to fortify his love with respect and affection, with common interests and candor. If it fails him after all, he does not tremble at the thought that an eternal ordinance has been violated. Much as he may suffer, he realizes that his suffering, too, will by and by grow less. And whether he realizes this or not, he does not torture himself by brooding over abstract or absolute conceptions of love. The abstract and the absolute, he finds, lose some of their dreadfulness in the light of comedy."

"I suppose you would say it makes them ridiculous," I suggested.

"No, it is not ridicule that I have in mind, but the sense of proportion which goes with comedy and not with tragedy. Lacking that sense, love, which is so vexing and so personal, runs naturally into tragic ways of thought, and such ways increase the chances of catastrophe. Because lovers discover in themselves the sentiment which persuades them that they were destined for each other from the beginnings of the world, they evolve the absolute conception of a loyalty which somehow involves the cosmos. Because they discover in themselves the sentiment of jealousy, they evolve the abstract conception of possession. Then, since they meet these conceptions on every hand, they tremble before them, and thus they experience other false fears."

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"Don't you believe that loyalty and jealousy are essential elements of love?"

"By asking your question in those terms you help to develop my argument, for you illustrate the hold which generalizations have upon language, and consequently upon conduct. Distinctions must be drawn, and the Comic Lover draws them. He knows that loyalty goes with all worthy love, but he insists that loyalty must not be encouraged to outlive its usefulness, as it does when it undertakes to bind unwilling lovers by threatening them with its old shadow. He knows that jealousy has its roots in the lover's feeling that his beloved is incomparably precious, but also that it may stiffen into a mere instinct of ownership and become a cruelty and a calculation. Such distinctions bring the Comic Lover to a mental attitude which saves him from what I may call the pedantries of love—cold loyalty and selfish jealousy. And when they stir in him despite his rational conviction, he regards them much as he regards his atavistic discomfort in the dark or his occasional primitive impulses to murder. Other ages have elevated these sensations to the dignity of theories concerning demons or of codes governing the blood feud, just as they have dignified cold loyalty and selfish jealousy. The Comic Lover works to overcome them by the steady exercise of his intelligence."

"I am afraid your Comic Lover exists only when he has the advantage of passions cool enough to be kept in check by philosophy."

"Very likely," John Thane consented. "However, that is the advantage upon which civilization is founded, and we need not despise it. What I see I have not made clear about the Comic Lover is that he resists all the doctrines which would like to represent love as more, or less, than human. He simply smiles at the notion that marriages were, as the adage says, made in heaven. It may have been, but the proofs are too challengeable to interest him long. Nor does love become trivial for him from being viewed as hardly a sacrament. He sees it as a central force of life, honorable in its own right, strong enough to waken pity and terror, rich enough to permit relief and laughter. So seeing love, he lacks the false fear of bodily desire which is bred by certain ascetic conceptions; so seeing it, he is not haunted by sick frustration and remorse when desire takes some unhappy path. That is to say, he refuses to hug his ghosts when they are ready to leave him. He lets others torment themselves in the effort to make all love fit a few simple, inflexible categories. He has learned that love, being an aspect of the human comedy, is extraordinarily various. He schools himself to take the sunshine with the thunder. Because he has studied love now as a swift fever, now as a deep, unchanging current, now as an interval of light-hearted play, he does not demand that it be always one or the other. He respects its diversity, and is grateful that it is diverse. The drama of love everlastingly unfolds before him, at every pitch and with every complication, enormous, palpitating, dire, beautiful, absurd. The spectator at such a show, he understands, will fare badly unless he can either laugh or weep."

"It is not so easy when the Comic Lover is an actor himself."

"Of course not," said John Thane. "But any play has a better chance to come out somewhere if its actors understand their parts than it has if they trust to prejudice and luck."

We Need You, Uncle Sam

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

1. Railroad executives are death on the idea of government in business; but the federal Government has lent to some sixty railroads along about two hundred million dollars, which they find very useful in their business and which they have not repaid. We all object to having Uncle Sam rule and regulate our businesses and we all object to having Uncle Sam paternalistically lend money to other people's businesses.

2. In order to educate our children we have to listen to addresses from the federal Commissioner of Education. The commissioner states, in his recent annual report, that in the last fiscal year he addressed sixteen national associations, four regional associations, nineteen State associations, seventeen institutions of higher learning, thirteen summer schools, four high schools, ten business organizations, and numerous other bodies, making a total of one hundred and fifty addresses before audiences aggregating 91,459. He further states that in order thus to address us he spent 173 days in the field and traveled 58,140 miles. "See," he says, "Fig. 3."

"Fig. 3" appears on the opposite page from his summary of his exertions. It is a map. It is a map of the United States with the twenty-three States which the commissioner did not visit during the year left a desolate white, while the twenty-five States which received his ministrations are lined with pleasure.

Thus we learn nationally that education is a good thing.

3. If a thing done by one bureau is a good thing, it is much better if it is done by two bureaus. The Bureau of Education during the last fiscal year prepared writings, and published them, on home-economics education as follows:

"Sources of useful information for the teacher of home economics." "Titles of completed research in American colleges and universities, 1918-1923." "The relation of the humanities to home economics in the land-grant colleges."

Therefore the federal Board for Vocational Education, not to be found wanting in devotion to this great problem, issued a bulletin on "Home Economics Education in Teacher Trainer Institutions for Negroes," and one on "Organization and Administration of Home Economics Education."

Thus doubly does Uncle Sam remind us that we should give our daughters some practical education, especially in view of the fact, so sadly noted by the federal Board for Vocational Education, in its recent annual report, that "modern living conditions are making large calls on the time of the modern woman and are diminishing the hours in the home available for the training of daughters in homemaking." Aunt Sam must rush into the breach. If we and our city governments and county governments and State governments cannot teach our girls to cook, she will. In fact, she will in any case.

4. The Prohibition Enforcement Unit in the Treasury Department reports that in the last fiscal year it spent $155,507.92 buying alcoholic beverages to use as evidence in enforcing the Volstead Law.

5. The Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice reports that in the last fiscal year it made investigations which resulted in the imposition of prison sentences

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amounting to a total of 4,126 years of imprisonment for the culprits concerned. Of this total it notes that 2,339 years were imposed upon ladies and gentlemen who stole motor-cars. City policemen chase them. Town constables chase them. County sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs chase them. State troopers chase them. Therefore federal investigators should chase them too. The only remaining defect in the situation is that they are federally chased only by the Department of Justice and not also by the Bureau of Highway Construction of the Department of Agriculture.

6. In the fiscal year 1918 the Department of Justice cost us $12,000,000. In the fiscal year 1925 it will cost us $24,000,000. In seven years, twice as much justice.

7. In the next fiscal year the Treasury Department will have by recent act of the House of Representatives $50,000 to spend in printed exhortations to the American people to respect and to obey all legislation: that is, at any rate, all legislation regarding liquor. In post offices and other public buildings there will be signs saying "Stand Up to the Acid Test of Citizenship—the Volstead Law!" Congressman Hill of Maryland suggests strongly that there should be a similar appropriation for inculcating respect for every other law. He thinks that there are some things almost worse than taking a drink and that there ought to be $50,000 for signs saying "Do Not Murder Anybody Today. It Is Unlawful."

8. The Reclamation Service, in the course of accomplishing its mission of peopling the desert, has been authorized to spend $1,275,000 (as a starter) on irrigation works in the Salt Lake Basin in Utah to produce more water for lands already cultivated and already peopled. Thus good forever goes on to better. Theodore Roosevelt, when he started the Reclamation Service, thought only of spending federal money to change sand to soil. Now if a citizen already has soil but if it isn't quite wet enough he gets a federal appropriation to make it wetter.

9. The Emergency Deficiency Bill recently signed by the President contains an appropriation for a study for the justifying of further appropriations of federal money for drainage works which will take private lands that are now too wet and make them drier. Thus all our lands ultimately by federal action will be not too dry and not too wet but just wet or dry enough.

10. The Bureau of Biological Survey states that the rats in Little Rock, Arkansas, were reported to the Bureau of Biological Survey by a woman's club in Little Rock. The bureau at once sent out two rat specialists. These specialists produced newspaper articles, circular letters, bill-board advertisements, window-cards, and slides in moving-picture performances to show the people of Little Rock how to kill a rat. Then Little Rock was able to advance against its rats. The result of the advance was that 12,400 rattails were turned in as trophies. It is believed that the bureau is preparing a monograph on the unutterable hardships which the Pilgrim Fathers endured in 1621 trying to kill a rat in Plymouth without federal instruction.

11. Viscount Cecil announces that the League of Nations will soon address itself to the problem of supervising all literature throughout the world and of suppressing it when it is obscene. Since this idea is not political and has only to do with hiring some people out of public funds to tell other people how to conduct their private lives it will have, it is believed, the earnest cooperation of the American Government.

In the Driftway

SOME of the Drifter's young friends have always thought with pride that good honest exaggeration was 100 per cent American or at least of indisputable Nordic antecedents. This belief had not only Mark Twain to back it but the countless Americans who have maintained that America is the home of the biggest mountains, the tallest skyscrapers, etc. Englishmen have condescendingly deprecated our ubiquitous superlative, but the habit has stuck. We like even the size of our income-tax payments. The Drifter, however, insists that exaggeration in humor is not 100 per cent American, and, worse yet, that its origin is Mediterranean rather than Nordic. None other than an Italian, Marco Polo, is the direct ancestor of American exaggeration. Of course if Madison Grant or Lothrop Stoddard had noted with sufficient care the phlegmatic English disdain of our tallest buildings and fattest men, they might have come to the same conclusion as the Drifter that exaggeration was no Nordic trait.

* * * * *

MARCO POLO, returning to Venice after his great voyages, was the source of wondrous tales.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary
Her rivers silver-pale,
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood and dale
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale.

Again and again Marco Polo told the tale of the greatness of Kublai Khan, of the extent of his dominions. There were the most beautiful ladies, the largest jewels, millions of towns and cities, millions of revenue, millions of junks, millions of riders. Soon Marco became known as Marco Milione or El Milione. His courtyard and home were called the Corte Milione. The name even got into the public documents of the Venetian republic. But even El Milione wearied of telling of Cathay and the Great Khan, and set down his experiences in writing. The imagination which had seen with such vividness the riot of wealth and beauty in Kublai's land had in addition an accurate memory. But this it not all. The Drifter has laboriously collected fuller data. So well had El Milione told his tale that the gold-roofed palaces of Cipangu stirred the imagination of a Genoese sea captain reading Messer Marco's tales a century and a half later. The sea captain determined to travel west, and he discovered America. Thus indirectly El Milione discovered the modern land of millions.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

For Pennsylvania Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you not allow us some space in your magazine to present to your readers in Pennsylvania, especially those residing in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, a few public facts to which they are entitled as citizens of the State, but which were not conveyed to them by their daily news channels?

Early in October the Pennsylvania Old Age Pension Commission issued a call for a conference on the subject of old-age

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pensions. This was a result of the recent Dauphin County Court decision declaring Pennsylvania's pioneer Old Age Assistance Act unconstitutional.

The conference was held on November 13 at the Capitol. Nearly 200 persons from practically every county in the State, representing approximately thirty different organizations, including representatives of almost all church denominations, as well as representatives from five other States, were in attendance.

The chairman, in summarizing the commission's findings, as disclosed from nearly 3,000 applications of aged persons in the State, showed that, based upon as accurate and scientific figures as are now ascertainable, the commission is convinced that even if every person in Pennsylvania, qualified under the law, should be granted assistance, it would not cost the State more than about $5,000,000 per year. With this sum the commission would be able to take care of two and one-half times the number now taken care of in the Pennsylvania almshouses at an actual expenditure of at least $8,000,000 per year. It was also shown that while the administrative expenses under the almshouse plan in Pennsylvania amount to over $60 of every $100 expended, the administrative expenses under the old-age pension plan, according to present indications, would not exceed $6 or $7 of every $100 expended.

A summary of the above facts was submitted four days in advance to all the representatives of the big Pennsylvania dailies as well as to all the press associations located in Harrisburg. We have the avowed assurance of the representative of the Associated Press at Harrisburg that the story was sent out by mail; and furthermore, that at least 700 words were released by wire during the day of the conference. The Pittsburgh office of the Associated Press writes us that the report was received from their bureau at Harrisburg and was part of the regular State service and "undoubtedly reached all Associated Press papers in Pennsylvania at the same time we received it and in time for publication as designated." The smaller papers in the State carried fair accounts of the conference as sent them by the various press associations. However, of the six dailies in Philadelphia only two deemed the meeting of sufficient importance to notice it on the inside pages in stories of a little over 100 words each. Examination of several editions fails to disclose even one of the five dailies in Pittsburgh which mentioned the conference either on the day of the meeting or the following morning.

We know your Pennsylvania readers will appreciate these facts. Should they desire a more extensive report of the information disclosed at the conference we shall be glad to send them copies of the addresses delivered.

James H. Maurer, Chairman,
A. Epstein, Executive Secretary,
Old Age Assistance Commission

Harrisburg, November 22

A Pseudo-Translation of Benavente

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There circulates in this country a book purporting to be a translation of Benavente's plays, by John Garrett Underhill. To foist upon the trusting public a book of this type is to impose on them, and to call it Benavente's plays is to wrong a man of worth. Whether this criticism is just or unjust can easily be deduced from the quotations given below. They are all taken from one play, and are but a small fraction of the number that could be given from only that play. The italics are mine.

Original—Sirena, speaking of her dead husband: "Yo no le amaba, y a pesar de eso, supe serle fiel." (I did not love him, but in spite of that, I kept faithful to him.)

Underhill translation—I never loved him, but in spite of it *he insisted upon being faithful to me.*

Original—"Silvia cree a estas horas que tu señor está moribundo, y aunque doña Sirena finge contenerla, no tardará en venir aquí." (Silvia now believes that your master is dying, and, although Doña Sirena feigns to hold her back, will be here before long.)

Underhill translation—Silvia is convinced that your master is *dead,* and although Doña Sirena *is making the most unheard-of efforts to console her,* it will not be long before she is here.

Original—"¿Pensáis que a mí me fía nadie lo que en mi casa se gasta?" (Do you imagine that anyone trusts me for what is used in my house?)

Underhill translation—Do you suppose that *I trust nobody* for what is consumed in this house?

Original—Doña Sirena to Colombina, formerly her servant, now her adopted niece, reprimanding her for being in love with the unpromising Arlequín: "Nunca lo creyera cuando, al verme tan sola, de criada te adopté por sobrina." (I never should have believed it when, being so lonely, I changed you from my servant to my adopted niece.)

Underhill translation—I would never have believed it *possible. Otherwise should I have adopted you for my niece, if I had, though I saw myself abandoned by every man in the world and reduced to live alone with a maid servant?*

In my translation I have omitted nothing to which Mr. Underhill's rendering may refer. Whatever is in his and not in mine is interpolated padding, to cover up his lack of understanding of the text.

The following is a rough, literal rendering of a song composed by a man who, beholding a star, muses over his dead mother and his sweetheart:

"Madre de mi alma!
Dile a la que hoy amo que yo no amé nunca
más que a ti en la tierra,
y desde que has muerto sólo me ha besado
la luz de esa estrella."

(Mother of my soul! Tell her whom I love now that I never before loved but you on earth, and that since you died, I have been kissed only by that star's light.)

Underhill translation—

Mother of my soul!
Tell *him* whom I love, I never *shall* love
More than him on the earth,
And *when he fades away, light of my eyes,*
I shall kiss at sunrise
But the light of thy star.

Are any comments necessary?

Montclair, New Jersey, November 20 Antonio Llano

Ramsay MacDonald's Achievement

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation's* editorial with the above title (October 22) is a strange admixture of insufficient knowledge, half-truths, and inglorious admissions. Its enthusiasm at the record of the Labor Government accords very poorly with the latter's day by day record of broken pledges, compromises, and even betrayals of principle. Let us inspect this "amazingly impressive record."

In foreign policy its putting through the Dawes Plan is notable. This has sold the German workers to Allied finance-imperialism. On the Anglo-Russian treaty MacDonald was the champion of the British bourgeoisie. He and Snowden ordered the rupture in the negotiations, against Ponsonby's wishes. It was the prominent left-wing trade-union leaders and M.P.'s who made him "climb down" by threats of exposure to the labor movement. MacDonald insisted on *full* compensation to bondholders many of whom speculatively bought these bonds at 1/10 to 1/100 of their value.

The disarmament achievement, the building of five new

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cruisers when the Liberals were opposed to it, was not quite the acme of pacifism and disarmament. These were a "complete revolution" (London *Observer*), not replacements. Snowden's specious plea of 15,000 more employed was shown up by his colleague, Ammon, who said there was "no warrant for any such suggestion."

Let us detail some of MacDonald's colonial achievements. Armored cars, machine-guns, and troops were sent into Ireland to combat a republic. Irish political prisoners were kept in jail in England despite Labor protests. The Government defended flogging, forced labor, and the shooting of natives in New Guinea. It broke pledges of self-determination for Cyprus. It helped foment revolution in Brazil. It incited insurrection in the Turcoman Steppes, to discredit Russia and alarm Persia; the same was done in Soviet Bokhara, and enormous sums were spent on Afghan rebellions. It upheld Mrs. Evans when she *took up arms* against the Mexican nationalization law, and supported Cummins, virtually an oil agent, to the extent of breaking off relations with Mexico. It attempted, through its ambassador on the Interallied Danube Commission, to make *all* strikes and lockouts illegal in Hungary, when the Hungarian Government of bloody Horthy tried to make illegal *only* strikes in public services. It compelled Premier Theodore of the Queensland Labor Government to withdraw the taxation of great estates, which had been legally passed and was justified. It welcomed the royal murderers of Fascist Rumania and Italy. It sanctioned merciless slave-driving in Kenya. MacDonald and his colleagues interfered with gunboats on the side of the Fascist merchants of Canton against Sun Yat-sen, just as Lord Salisbury had done when China was dismembered economically in 1897.

The terrible mess made of Indian affairs is spoken of by *The Nation* editorial as a situation "in suspense"—thousands of peasant political prisoners rotting in jail, the Beghar, Chauri-Chaura, Jaito affairs, the Akali Sihk debacle (described by Agnes Smedley in *The Nation* some months ago), the shooting of strikers in Bombay and Cawnpore, the persecution and illegalizing of a labor party, police frame-ups at Communist trials. MacDonald continued the subsidy to Asquith's Sudan Plantations Syndicate while the latter supported MacDonald's Government in Parliament.

In domestic affairs the budget's free breakfast table was soon eaten up by profiteering in tea, flour, sugar, etc.; Snowden's and Shaw's cure for unemployment and housing was the "restoration of foreign trade," which for England was like telling a beggar that his troubles would be over when he got rich.

The election defeat of last month is nothing compared to the corruption of Labor's present leaders by court flunkeyism, colonial repression, brutality, and placating of big business. If MacDonald had fought for his party's principles, instead of betraying them, the future would be much brighter for a *real* Labor Government.

A. G. BOSSE

New York, November 3

[*The Nation*, while not agreeing with Mr. Bosse's opinion of the MacDonald Government, is glad to put before its readers his expression of the Communist point of view.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Democratic Party's Future

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial Why Should the Democratic Party Survive you rightly ascribe the huge Coolidge majority to "the desire of the average business man to be let alone." It is a true and just instinct. It is his natural right.

I have seen a good deal of the feeling among business men against governmental restrictions. They are badgered and taxed almost to the point of desperation by bad laws. They must employ lawyers and expert accountants to meet the demands of government for money and reports. A calendar of the days in the year on which some law requires them to pay a tax, or to fill out a long and complicated blank, either to the federal or State government, would be an astonishing exhibit. It naturally causes much irritation as well as unnecessary expense.

Senator La Follette made himself the champion of that sort of thing. He urged the use of the criminal section of the anti-trust laws. President Coolidge made the business man believe that he represented freedom from governmental interference. He does not, of course. His convention champion, Theodore E. Burton, specifically laid down the theory that it was the duty of the government to regulate business. No sooner was his election assured than the President turned to more meddling with agriculture.

Answering your question, therefore, I would say that the Democratic Party has a distinct and useful field to occupy if its leaders are keen enough to recognize the boundaries. They did not recognize them in the last campaign, and did not deserve to win.

A party which would boldly stand for a hands-off policy might not win at once, but it would grow steadily. It might start with the idea of abolishing custom houses and all taxes which add to prices or tend to increase the cost of living. Next, the silly Departments of Agriculture and Commerce could be attacked and the people convinced that they should be abolished.

I can see no other reason for the survival of the Democratic Party.

Cleveland, Ohio, November 17 HOWARD M. HOLMES

Independent Radio?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The air cannot be fenced. Transmission can be controlled, but it is safe to say that no government or corporation will ever effect a complete registration of every crystal and bent pin, and reception, therefore, will not be directly paid for at the receiving end. Investment in transmitting stations will continue to be a casting of bread upon the waters with a certain measure of faith. Such faith must have grounds, and if million-dollar radio centrals are built for the dissemination of ideas they will, under the profit system, disseminate only such ideas as will bring to the interested parties million-dollar returns. This constitutes a monopoly and a censorship, by and for business interests, whether it is administered by a private corporation or by a government which is in the hands of business men.

This is a repetition of what has happened in the field of journalism, where the inherent factors of speed, quantity, and interconnection of service have reduced the bulk of the press to a kept agency of business. It is always a heroic and dubious venture to run a newspaper or a magazine on a non-profit basis.

In spite of this we have our independent publications, and they are important factors in the public life. They exist because there are imaginative and active individuals interested in other matters than profit. May we not also have our independent radio stations, operated for other reasons than profit? Not every broadcasting station need cover the continent, and not every station costs a million dollars. The enterprise can be modest, the "circulation," for whatever range is attempted, can be picked up in a night, and a suspension of activities is not a catastrophe. The hours of operation do not conflict with remunerative labor, and there are twenty thousand licensed operators in the United States who have built their own radio transmitters. We have little theaters and independent journals, and if radio is to be anything more than a grand advertising scheme it also must have a minority.

Palo Alto, Cal., November 29 HANS OTTO STORM

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Books and Plays

Advice to a Young Romanticist

By ALLEN TATE

Young man, you hold your head
Too high in the air, you walk
As if the sleepy dead
Had never fallen to drowse
From the sublimest talk
Of many a vehement house.
Your head, so turned, turns eyes
Following a vagrant West;
Fixing an iron mood
In an Ozymandias' breast,
And because your clamorous blood
Beats an impermanent rest
You think the dead arise
Westward and fabulous:
The dead are those whose lies
Were doors to a narrow house.

First Glance

IN general the novels of Joseph Conrad have depressed me by the spectacle they presented of an author who with more and more effort got less and less effect. The man was trying very hard to please and impress; he wrote with obvious labor, he strained every nerve to make his reader see the whole significance of what he himself saw, he piled device upon device. Yet in the end I chiefly remembered being bored, and I often believed that the depth of this boredom was in direct proportion to the length of the narrative traversed. Passages of course I admired. Scenes stayed with me, if vaguely. Conrad himself had all my respect. But always I wished that he had told a tellable story, one in which action should remain unsmothered by motive and character live uncontaminated by his own poor but proud ideas. I was less bored by the shorter narratives, and some of them indeed—Typhoon, The End of the Tether, and Falk—I still think positively great. It is a pleasure to find the first and third of these included in "The Shorter Tales of Joseph Conrad" (Doubleday, Page), a volume for which Conrad wrote a preface shortly before he died. The preface, like most of his expository prose prolix and pompously modest, will win no doubtful reader over; but the eight stories which follow—the others are Youth, The Secret Sharer, The Brute, Tomorrow, Because of the Dollars, and The Partner—may well secure a new audience for Conrad, recruited from those who have fled forever the wilderness of his major fiction.

Conrad wrote three of his volumes, "Romance," "The Inheritors," and "The Nature of a Crime," in collaboration with Ford Madox Ford, and Mr. Ford now tells the dull story of their joint labors in "Joseph Conrad: A Personal Reminiscence" (Little, Brown: $2.50), surely one of the most conceited books ever published. Mr. Ford has developed his vanity as a vehicle for wit, or something like wit, so that it must be judged on literary, not personal, grounds. On such grounds it fails here, though it succeeded in those briefer sketches of contemporaries entitled "Thus to Revisit" three years ago. Then it was piquant and even valiant; now it is silly. Since Mr. Ford's aim has been to "render" or "project" Conrad through an impressionistic narrative of the contacts he had with him, both personalities call for exploitation, and both to be sure have been labored at. Neither stands forth. We only see two gentlemen, one older and much more solemn than his friend, praising each other highly and spending long afternoons in rather pointless talk about technique. "There were words that we discussed for years. One problem was: How would you translate *bleu-foncé* as applied to a field of cattle cabbage: the large Jersey sort, of whose stalks varnished walking-sticks are made?"

In such a passage Mr. Ford not only betrays his own predilection for "form" but reminds me of my conviction that Conrad, try as faithfully as he might, never learned how to write English. "He took English as it were by the throat," says Mr. Ford, "and, wrestling till the dawn, made it obedient to him as it has been obedient to few other men." I find more evidence of the throttling and wrestling than of the obeying. In speech, we are told, he mastered the syntax and the diction of his adopted language but never the accent; and I think it is not at all fantastic to say that defective accent mars his written pages. They seem to be English, and they certainly are neither Polish nor French; yet never are they quite the thing one always has heard. Painfully correct, they still are strange. We see too many "gestures of the hand, droppings of the voice, droopings of the eyelid, and letting fall the monocle." We see too clearly the man behind—the man who must have begun a book as he entered a room, "with his head held high, rather stiffly."

MARK VAN DOREN

Liberty, Not Logic

The Enemies of Liberty. By E. S. P. Haynes. Hyman-McGee Company. $2.

IT was the sad delusion of the old-fashioned liberal that he need only get rid of something to be free. Seeing the forces of repression embodied for the moment in church or king, he felt that to destroy them would be to destroy the thing they represented. He never quite realized that they were merely the temporary means through which certain tendencies much more enduring than themselves happened for the moment to work. The fanatic, the bully, and the simple megalomaniac are not destroyed along with the institutions through which they exert themselves, for they tend always to devise new ones. Mr. Haynes has begun with the realization of this fact and has proceeded to analyze, in chapters devoted to such topics as The Modern Puritan, The Communist, The Prohibitionist, and The Super-Capitalist, the various means by which old tendencies find new expression. The decline of theological power has made way for the power of the various reform organizations; the privileges of hereditary aristocracy have been supplanted by the privileges of hereditary plutocracy; and so it goes. Forms change, but the liberty of the individual suffers in much the same way and for much the same sorts of people as it has in the past.

Mr. Haynes's book is both provocative and, in its discussion of the specific forms assumed today by the repressive forces, sound. It suffers, however, on the theoretical side from two implied fallacies: First, the assumption that a free expression of the majority will would result in the greatest possible freedom of the individual; and second, the assumption that logic suffices to make clear the distinction between unjust repressions and those infringements of liberty which are necessary

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and good. Actually, history offers no evidence that majorities have ever been interested in the freedom of the individual. Whole populations have risen in revolt against the tyranny of this or that, but their indignation was specific not general; they have hated kings, priests, foreigners, but they have rarely shown any disposition to resent the particular infringements of liberty devised by themselves or hesitated to impose them upon others. Those who have scorned the lord have bowed to the plutocrat, and those who have indignantly thrown off "the foreign yoke" have themselves founded empires. For the love of freedom in itself is a passion abstract beyond the comprehension of man in that state of nature which is still the state of all majorities.

Nor, to come to the second fallacy, does there lie any safety in mere logic, as may be made evident by an analysis of one of Mr. Haynes's own points. Admitting, as all but the most absolute anarchists must admit, that community life necessarily implies certain restrictions, he attempts to distinguish logically between those things which may and those which may not be tolerated. "It is, of course, clear," he says, "that force and coercion are necessary for the protection of public safety, as, for instance, in the preservation of public order and public health." Few will deny this fact and yet, granting it, no logic stands between the admitted principle and its application in the most notoriously unjust repressions of the past. If a community has the duty to protect the bodies of its citizens it must have a greater duty to protect their souls (provided it believes them to exist), and if a man is not to be permitted to infect his fellowman with the germ of smallpox he is not, a fortiori, to be allowed to endanger their souls with the bacillus of heresy. It happens that we have today a more absolute faith in our knowledge of the causes of physical death than in our knowledge of the causes of spiritual damnation, but if we believed, as the Middle Ages did, more firmly in the science of theology than in the science of medicine our own logic would demand nothing less than the Inquisition. The Reverend Mr. Straton is as sure that the average dramatic entertainment is a source of spiritual infection as you and I that mosquitoes carry yellow fever; no logic can touch his contention that they should be suppressed. It was skepticism not logic which brought about the decay of theological tyranny, and skepticism not logic is the friend of liberty. It is a notorious fact that the most logical societies from Plato to Lenin have always been the most sternly illiberal and repressive ones.

It is not my intention to express, in these remarks, any lack of sympathy with the aims of the author of the book under discussion. Moreover, the counsels in his last chapter To the Friends of Liberty are eminently sensible. Yet it does seem worth while to emphasize as strongly as possible the fact that liberty has its most valuable support in a sentiment rather than a syllogism. The logical theorist revises by addition and subtraction the list of things to be tolerated, but he does not increase the amount of toleration existing. He is likely to end with that abomination called "freedom to do the right thing" or "liberty not license," which means absolutely nothing because it can be made at the will of the definer to mean anything, and which, in consequence, no tyrant who ever lived refused to grant in theory. No logical line ever has been or ever will be drawn between those things which may and those which cannot possibly be tolerated. The man who has merely a congenital disinclination to meddling is the one most likely to extend the range of individual liberty. Skepticism, tolerance, and, above all, a natural tendency to prefer to see men go wrong in their own way than right in your own—these are freedom's greatest friends in a world where absolute liberty must remain always an abstraction. Include in your definition of freedom the inalienable right of every man to be a fool if he likes or to go to hell in his own way, and you are a liberal; desire too ardently to do him good and you are a tyrant—in embryo at least.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Steed of the *Times*

Through Thirty Years: 1892-1922. A Personal Narrative. By Henry Wickham Steed. Doubleday, Page and Company. 2 vols. $5.

WICKHAM STEED is a super-journalist, a journalist-diplomat, one of those newspapermen who, not content to report, seek always to tip the scales of history. As Berlin, Rome, and Vienna correspondent, foreign editor, and finally editor of the London *Times*, he had an opportunity given to few of his profession. His book is, in his own words, "the work of a journalist who meant to be a journalist and has been a journalist for thirty years, seeking to understand, to describe, and even to guide movements and men. . . . I looked for and found in it [journalism] the means of working out and applying a philosophy of life, a chance to help things forward on the road I thought right."

His is a solemn seriousness unfamiliar to the American press. When in 1892 he abandoned a prospective financial career to go to Germany and France to fit himself for journalism the American newspapermen on the Continent were reporting almost exclusively society news. They were still doing so in 1913 when Wickham Steed returned to London. An American editor would hardly have advised a young man in 1892 to go to Europe for a decade to fit himself for a newspaper career at home. It would be doubtful advice today. The American newspaperman—who regards the term "journalist" as a highbrow slur—begins in the American police court, and works his way gradually through the divorce court and the city hall to a point where he is considered fit to report national and international politics.

After one year in Germany Steed went for three years to Paris, where his mind was formed. There he made a study of the bimetallism movement which attracted the attention both of the London *Times* and of Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York *World*. Pulitzer argued the advantage of a big-circulation paper. "I differed," Steed says, "going, indeed, as far as to say that I would rather influence a few enlightened minds by good writing in a weekly paper such as the New York *Nation* under the editorship of Mr. Godkin than control the New York *World* or the New York *Herald*. Mr. Pulitzer . . . thought me a young fool."

The *Times* sent Steed for seven months to Berlin, which, after the delights of Paris, he hated; and then transferred him to Rome. The first volume of "These Thirty Years" carries him through six years in Rome and eleven at Vienna; the second is the story of the war years in association with Lord Northcliffe in London and in Paris. The pages are crowded with pictures of personalities, records of journalistic adventure which gradually become essays in international diplomacy, as when Steed tried to establish between Italy and Austria an entente which their statesmen had found it impossible to achieve. In Vienna he took up the cause of the South Slavs, and there his distrust of Germany deepened. He came to believe a European war inevitable, and in his pessimism sought to make sure that England would be prepared to play a fitting role in it. "I have ever been a partisan," he says in his introduction, and none will dispute it. To him the war issue was "painfully simple" and the declaration of war "filled me with a sense of relief"; he found the neutrality of Switzerland in war time "oppressive," and proudly discarded any idea of a negotiated peace; when the armistice was signed "for the first time since August 4, 1914, I felt despondent." He was also a hater. He hated Jews and he hated Jesuits, and his passionate hates sometimes crop out in ridiculous pettinesses. Yet, meanwhile, he was occupied with his ideals. The most fascinating pages of his book deal with the new nations carved out of Austria-Hungary. Before the war he was in close touch with the leaders of the oppressed nationalities, and during it he conspired with them against all the world, including the Austro-

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phile leaders of the Entente; he had much to do with the Italo-Serb Pact of Corfu, and acted as go-between for Italians and Serbs, Wilson and Clemenceau, at the Peace Conference. These chapters are contributions to history, although one occasionally wonders whether Lord Northcliffe would recognize himself as painted, as a sort of disciple of Wickham Steed.

Steed sought "to guide movements and men." He had the confidence of premiers and ambassadors, and he told his public what he thought it best for it to know. He is bitter enough against the censors when they interfered with the *Times*, but he believes profoundly in the censorship of a journalist's judgment. Two incidents in his account of the *Times's* Irish policy are significant. In April, 1919, the *Times* wanted the facts from Ireland. "We had chosen a special correspondent for this purpose and had sent him to Ireland, but in a few weeks he had become so enthusiastic and unbalanced a partisan of Sinn Fein that his contributions were useless as statements of fact." Rather, one may suspect, useless to guide men as Mr. Steed wished them guided. In 1921 the *Times* planned a special Irish edition at the time of the King's Belfast speech. Copies of the *Times* were to be sent to Belfast by airplane. Inopportunely the Secretary for War made an impolitic speech. "I gave orders for the speech of the Secretary for War to be omitted from the edition of the *Times* destined for Ireland," says Steed, proudly. We are developing a tribe of journalists proud of their success in protecting the public from unpleasant facts and of telling it only what they believe good for it to know—but democracy can hardly be built upon such foundations.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

French Writers

Contemporary French Literature. By René Lalou. Translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

ON reading this book when it was first published in France in 1922 my wish was that it should be translated into English, and now that Mr. Bradley's smooth and careful version is published my hope is that it will have the success it deserves. The wish and the hope are, I admit, foolish, for they spring from a respect for a difficult achievement excellently performed; but they are at least disinterested. The French edition has long since established itself in a position comparable to that of Lanson's familiar volume, which, by the way, has not yet had the honor of English translation conferred upon it, although the vastly inferior manuals of Brunetière, Pellissier, and Doumic have naturally attracted that attention.

M. Lalou's history covers the period from 1870 to the present day, and it has precisely those qualities which make Lanson's work so much better—with all its defects—than anything of the same kind by an American or English colleague. What are those qualities which give to so much literary history and criticism in France a flavor and a charm wholly lacking in English? First of all, a genuine enthusiasm for the subject combined with thorough but easily worn scholarship; and secondly, a tacit agreement that literature, not morals, is the business of an intelligent professor of literature. Mr. George Saintsbury is, I suppose, the most popular and stimulating, the least academic of living English professors of literature. Yet his "History of the French Novel" is vitiated, in spite of its agreeable learning and its pleasant heresies, by a perfectly hundred per cent British conviction that Frenchmen are smutty fellows who have no sense of "good form." If there is anything more absurd than his estimate of the Goncourts, based apparently upon the "immorality" of some scenes in their "Journal," then I should like to hear of it. His "Essays on French Novelists" is also a mine of insular moralizing in lieu of criticism. Of the sub-Saintsburys the less said the better.

René Lalou actually endeavors to trace the evolution of French literature from the collapse of Romanticism, hastened by the Franco-German war, to the brief splutter of Dadaism; and in the whole course of this survey he is not guilty of a single professorial lapse. He does not wave the tricolor when he comes to Romain Rolland, nor descant upon the immoralism of Remy de Gourmont; and he is able to see Zola and Maupassant as clearly and steadily as he sees Barrès and Claudel. Instead of taking popular reputations for granted, he reestimates them in terms of modern values, and neither the jingoism of Barrès nor the defeatism of Rolland or Barbusse troubles his judgment of these men as writers. In the first three chapters, in which he sketches the intellectual conditions which followed 1870, outlines the Parnassian movement, and sums up the work of the Naturalist school, we have pure history at its best. After that we come to the living, and the critic largely takes the place hitherto occupied by the historian, although M. Lalou does succeed in keeping his historical outlines clear. Only those who have tried to write the history of any contemporary literature, and more especially of a literature in whose making and with whose makers the writer has been personally associated, can appreciate how ably the present author has accomplished his task.

Inevitably M. Lalou has been accused of bias, of favoritism, of all the crimes attributable to a critic by persons who cannot believe that his motives are honest even though he has human limitations which compel him to ignore work that seems unimportant (to him) and to record unfavorable judgments where he has been unfavorably impressed. Thus George Moore's friend Edouard Dujardin does not get from Lalou the position of importance in the Symbolist Movement to which some of M. Dujardin's friends assert he is entitled. The aggressive Henri Béraud, who was ignored in the first edition and therefore concluded that the author was a scoundrel, now receives a few bitterly contemptuous lines. These are not, so far as I can see, in the English version—which again is as it should be, for in spite of the Goncourt Prize the author of "Le Martyre de l'obèse" is of no importance to American readers. Against his sins of omission, which are slight, may be set his sins of commission, which are, I think, more open to criticism. He has included in the section on the Contemporary Novel a great many names of writers who have no claim to be anything more than aids to digestion. But even here M. Lalou's sense of proportion does not desert him. His comment on "La Garçonne," for example, has none of that fervor of indignation which critics abroad pumped up in their innocence of the political intrigue back of the agitation against Victor Margueritte.

On the other hand, in this book we have at last a history of French literature in which Gobineau gets his due, and I am glad to notice that he refers to the preface to the second edition of the "Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races," which disposes once and for all of the notion that Darwinism caused Gobineau to recant his Aryanism, a notion put forward recently on the erroneous assumption that "The Renaissance" and its sequel, "The Golden Flower," are the expression of a change in his fundamental philosophy of race. M. Lalou also pricks the bubble of Jules Laforgue's alleged importance as the unappreciated genius from whom all that is most modern in French literature today has sprung. Just as he refuses to acquiesce in the accepted judgments on Maupassant and Zola, so he submits the idols of the moment to equally fair and critical examination. Guillaume Apollinaire is just an amusing person, and Marcel Proust is analyzed without any of the transports now associated with the cult. All of which is, I need hardly say, quite contrary to current practice here, where one must either be for or against someone or something, whether it be Americanism or the Home or Philippe Soupault, thereby involving oneself in camps which have no *raison d'être* except to confuse and destroy standards. This book is not only a counterblast to the cant of both the conservative and the radical literary camps in America; it is intrinsically a first-rate and indispensable piece of scholarship, in the very best French tradition—balanced, clear, authoritative, and never dull.

ERNEST BOYD

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Egmont's Diary

Diary of the First Earl of Egmont (Viscount Percival). Vol. II, 1734-1738. Edited by R. A. Roberts. London: H. M. Stationery Office.

THIS second volume of Egmont's Diary covers the five full years between 1734 and 1738. The author's report of debates in the House of Commons was the outstanding feature of the earlier volume. But Egmont, having ceased to be a member of Parliament in 1734, devoted his attention thereafter to a record of the proceedings of the Trustees and Common Council of the society for the establishing the Colony of Georgia in America. The present volume has therefore a greatly increased interest for American readers.

The compiler of the "Colonial Records of Georgia" says in the prefatory note to volume V, entitled Journal of the Earl of Egmont from June 14, 1738 to May 25, 1744: "Unfortunately the first volume of his Journal, covering the period of the infancy of the colony from its birth in 1732 up to the month of June, 1738, has been lost and there are now in existence only the second and third volumes, embracing the period from the 9th of June, 1738, up to the 24th of May, 1744." Inasmuch as the present volume of Egmont's Diary overlaps the second volume of his Journal in the Colonial Records from the 9th of June to December, 1738, a comparison of their contents for this period can be made. These are found to be identical in substance. Moreover, the major portion of the indexed material for the missing years as printed in the Colonial Records may be found under the corresponding dates of the present Diary. How very valuable this Diary thus becomes can be readily perceived.

The Diary clearly sets forth the dangers which the colony of Georgia incurred from the presence on its borders of the Spanish and French. Oglethorpe is fully prepared when the Spanish governor of Fort Augustine disputes the boundary of Florida at the St. John River. "He will die before we give up an inch of territory." The French in Louisiana also threaten both Georgia and South Carolina. The Chickasaw Indians twice repel their attacks in 1736 and claim assistance. Oglethorpe in a long private interview with Egmont says: "If we fail therein they must be destroyed, and so a free communication will be gained from Canada northward to the Mississippi southward, so that the French by inviting their strength will be able to drive our colonies into the sea."

An interesting visit by Tomachiki, the chief of a tribe of Indians near Savannah, and seven other Indians to England in 1734 is described in the Diary. They were received by the King and much feted during their visit, the purpose of which was to settle a tariff of trade. While in London the Indians and their interpreter were painted by Mr. Verelst in conference with the twenty-four members of the Georgian Common Council. The writer has had the pleasure of seeing this valuable historical painting abroad, a copy of which ought to be in the State House of Georgia.

The present volume is replete with information from the various clergymen in Georgian history, several of whom attained world-wide distinction. A Mr. Quincey was the first clergyman at Savannah. He belonged evidently to the Massachusetts family as he visited his New England friends in 1734, when he reported Boston to have 20,000 inhabitants. He related to Egmont the particulars in regard to the settlements and forts of Darien, Frederick, St. Andrews, and Fort St. George. In the interview of Charles Wesley with Egmont in the same year there is another valuable description of the colony. The early history of Savannah can thus be traced in the Diary. Whereas today we limit the name West Indies to the islands, it is noteworthy that in the Diary it is applied also to the mainland.

Two brothers named Wesley are said on September 17, 1735, to have resolved before the Trustees to go to Georgia to convert the Indians. Charles Wesley was appointed by the Georgian board to go as secretary of Indian affairs. He also acted as secretary to Colonel Oglethorpe and as minister at Frederica. John Wesley succeeded Quincey in Savannah. His success in the pulpit there is evident, for it is said that "he preached by heart and had a full assembly." Owing to a difficulty with Mr. Williamson over the refusal to give communion to his wife he returned to England. Egmont remarks: "It appears to me that he was in love with Mrs. Williamson before she was married." The Reverend Mr. Whitfield followed John Wesley in 1737. After a short stay he returned to England to collect money for an orphan house at Savannah and a church at Ebenezer. Egmont thereupon records that he is of a "roving disposition."

Although this volume is very largely taken up with the colonization of Georgia, yet there is in it much material touching the political and social life of England. Parliamentary reports deal with the measures for the encouragement of the English woolen manufactures and with the necessity of laws to prevent the running of raw wool from Ireland to France. Scenes at Court during the reign of George II are fully described. Egmont says of the enmity toward this royal person: "It was common speech that the King had brought that to pass which his predecessors could never do, viz., to make all men of one mind." With Queen Caroline, who was a woman of remarkable gifts, he relates frequent conversations. Egmont was present at the marriages of both the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Wales, and the wedding customs he describes seem strange today.

Many eminent names in both state and church are mentioned throughout the Diary. Oglethorpe and Egmont, as we have seen, were inseparably linked in the founding of Georgia. References to Sir Robert Walpole are frequent. Egmont blamed this statesman for the loss of his son's election to succeed him as a member for Harwich. Dr. Courayer, the eminent French theologian who had taken refuge in England, received constant assistance from both Egmont and Queen Caroline. Of Dr. Rundell it is said that his preferment to the bishopric of Gloucester was opposed because the principles of the deist Toland were laid to his charge. An unfavorable opinion is recorded of Voltaire when he resided in England. Berkeley's "Queries" was sent by Egmont to a Mr. Richardson in Georgia to be reprinted, and at the same time a gift of books was made to the Library of Georgia. But the lifelong friendship between Egmont and the great English philosopher has already been made known by the writer.

BENJAMIN RAND

Where Scientists Fear to Tread

You Gentiles. By Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

WHAT is the difference between Jews and Gentiles? "Everything!" answers Maurice Samuel, and proceeds to select his facts to prove his thesis. Ruling out the modernized or westernized Jew as un-Jewish, he chooses as his type the Jew who lives as his ancestors have lived for twenty-odd centuries. With this Jew he contrasts the handful of upper-class Gentiles—who have broken with the traditions of religion and ethics, except in form, and have substituted the code of good society. His contrast is something like this: The Gentile's code is a code of honor, of sport, of playing the game. Life is a game with rules. Morality is the code of rules. It exists for the sake of the game, or for its aesthetic values. The Jew, on the other hand, knows morality only as God's law. His ideal is the right. The Gentile's is the right thing, which is more or less synonymous with good form. The Gentile has a host of loyalties, to college and fraternity, to social groups and local groups, which the Jew cannot understand, because he recognizes only one loyalty—loyalty to God and His law. The Gentile loves art for art's sake, science for science's sake. The Jew loves art or science only for God's sake. (And Mr. Samuel's own view is that they add little to the glory of God in comparison with the glory which the Bible has already assured Him.)

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Here we have, on the one hand, not only the traditional orthodox Jew but also the orthodox Gentile as he is found throughout the peasant classes of Europe, among the Catholics of America, and certainly among the Main Streeters who wish to censor Oscar Wilde off the library bookshelf and legislate Darwin out of the college curriculum. (Indeed, if space permitted, we might profitably compare Mr. Samuel and Mr. Bryan.) All these, according to Mr. Samuel's picture, are Jews. On the other hand, we have a remarkably faithful likeness of the Oxford undergraduate and, to a slightly lesser degree, of all those educated classes of the world whose respect for religious and moral authority has been tempered, since the Renaissance, by a high esteem for the arts as exalting individual self-expression and for the sciences as establishing the nobility of the individual intellect. These, according to Mr. Samuel, comprise all Gentiles.

Had the author compared the orthodox Jew with the orthodox Gentile he would have given the reader at least a reasonable, if not an illuminating, distinction. But the question would still have remained: Is this difference fundamental and hereditary, or is it only a matter of different backgrounds and different influences, destined to disappear when and if they disappear? This obviously is a question for the anthropologist. But Mr. Samuel seems to think that as a layman he can establish a theory of biological racial traits simply because he happens to belong to the race under discussion. The difference is fundamental, he says, and therefore the Jews must remain forever separate. Jewish separatism, as the reader guesses long before this point, is indeed the *raison d'être* of the book. Mr. Samuel supports it pretty much along the lines adopted by the exponents of Nordic separatism. He finds, however, one argument which they lack. Anti-Semitism will keep the Jews forever separate, he pleads, whether or not they wish to be. Indeed he is almost gleeful over anti-Semitism because it supports his beloved Jewish separatism. Nor does he seem to be fazed by the fact that anti-Semitism is not a "fundamental" biological factor.

In the hands of an intelligent Gentile Mr. Samuel's book will provoke nothing but a smile at the author's naive invasion of the scientist's field. In the hands of a Klansman it will serve to underscore the second word of that most un-American motto—White, Gentile, and Protestant. A scientifically sound and truthful study which incidentally provokes anti-Semitism may be defended on the grounds that truth is the highest goal, and, moreover, that in the long run only truth can nail the anti-Semitic lies. But a book that meets anti-Semitism with new false statements, conducive to more anti-Semitism, sins doubly.

BERTHA WALLERSTEIN

Books in Brief

Roads to Social Peace. By Edward Alsworth Ross. The University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

The writer, at least, is one of Mr. Ross's genuine admirers, feeling as he does that there are always too few individuals competent by knowledge and by native brilliance to generalize the social data of the plodders; who possess the gift of creating significance out of the modern chaos of facts. And he sees in this book one of the genuine fruits of a gifted understanding and a golden eloquence. There are, needless to remark, failures as well as successes involved in Mr. Ross's type of effort. There have been some failures; but this is not one of them. It makes clear in a few clean strokes the pathologic background of social conflict, utterly destroys the rational basis for its defense, and indicates the criteria of movements toward peace. These in general, it may be said, are of the nature of arbitration, of compromise, and of consolation. It is a little book and in it things are said largely; but it is a comprehending, not an avoiding largeness. And it gets its results by methods which sometimes madden monographists but which are indispensable for the illumination of the confused social scene.

The Hill of Athena. By H. H. Powers. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

This engaging sketch of the history of Athens, told with particular reference to the existing monuments, is a valuable contribution to the extensive literature of its subject, for it combines insight and imagination with fairly accurate knowledge. Scholars will find not a little to criticize, for Dr. Powers's studies cover far too wide a field to make him a specialist in any subject, and his desire to narrate a vivid and telling story sometimes betrays him into baseless and even improbable conjectures. But his picture on the whole is both true and fascinating.

The Natural Man. By Patrick Miller. Brentano's. $2.

In so far as it is possible to read a meaning into the routine of dirt and duty, death and drudgery which constitutes the life of the modern soldier, this novel does it. Mr. Miller, winner of the Grant Richards Prize, has set about to give a sustained picture of life in warfare as it filters through the daily activities of the fighter—the "natural man." It is done without any great display of emotion, and with an apparent effort to be authentic rather than dramatic. Although such was not the intention, the book makes quite as good a case against the soldier's usefulness in the scheme of progress as do other works deliberately anti-militaristic.

The Electron. By Robert Andrews Millikan. University of Chicago Press. $1.75.

Mr. Millikan gives herein a semi-popular exposition of his epoch-making research which grounded the purely speculative concepts of Thales and Democritus in exact experimental evidence. This work demonstrated the atomic nature of electricity, completely overturning the older physics and chemistry and winning for Mr. Millikan the Nobel Prize in Physics. While the ordinary educated layman may find himself bogged in a mathematical swamp, the author has no doubt been just as popular as he could be without the sacrifice of scientific authenticity. No doubt Professor Lewis of California and other chemist partisans of the "loafer" electron theory will still dissent; but we have here astounding scientific revelations, and none can question Mr. Millikan's competence. His authentic demonstration of an atomic theory, which, strangely enough, reechoes the ideas of such worthies as Thales and Franklin and Prout, gains ground steadily and is everywhere accorded increasing respect.

Drama

The Giant Race

THERE can be no doubt that in general the best of Galsworthy's work is in his novels rather than his plays. In fiction his treatment of social theory is enriched by a broad humanistic interest in all the varieties of character; but the limitations of the dramatic form seem to limit also the breadth of his sympathies, and his plays give the impression of a man much narrower and drier than the author of the "Forsyte Saga" really is. About such plays as "The Mob" there is something a little thin and a little fictitious. In spite of their intellectual sincerity the conduct of the action suggests skilful carpentry more than artistic growth. In his eagerness to reach the point of his thesis Mr. Galsworthy seems to deprive himself of the opportunity to round out his characters and he reduces his story to something perilously near a syllogism.

"Old English" (Ritz Theater), founded upon a masterly story contained in the volume called "Five Tales," without being a great play has something of the quality which belongs to Mr. Galsworthy's fiction. Neither the professional playwright nor the professional reformer (the two sides of the author's character most often seen in his work as a dramatist) would have seized upon the central character of this piece,

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for he is neither a promising subject for theatrical manipulation nor, from the standpoint of the liberal, a particularly edifying figure. But the Galsworthy who reveals himself in some of his novels as a passionate student of the various patterns which the society of his country has woven would see in him the representative of the type which only one particular age could have formed. A sturdy remnant of the early (not middle) Victorian age, neither his virtues nor his vices are modern ones; he would scorn with equal scorn the mealy-mouthed priggishness of the middle century and the rationalized morality of today. A remnant of Byron's England, he is proud to admit that in his youth gallantry and port wine played the parts they should in the life of a gentleman of the old school; but like Byron again he prefers to regard them as permissible vices rather than to find, like the modern iconoclast of morals, a place for them in an ethical system, and to an admiring granddaughter (under the rose) he can say: "Yes, adventures are fine—but they are not for girls." Kindly in his impulses, magnificent in his vitality, and fierce in his individualism, he stands as the representative of an age separated by an impassable gulf from our own and not to be understood in terms of modern thought. We look at him, as Mr. Galsworthy obviously did, with admiration mingled with fear because he gives the unmistakably heroic ring to prejudices and to passions which all the teachings of Mr. Galsworthy, let us say, would lead us to believe disreputable and contemptible.

Independence, he maintains, is the only value in life, and when it is evident that financial ruin will put him at the mercy of his Victorian daughter he retires to his room for a final evening of freedom. There, half deliberately, he eats and drinks himself into a fatal stroke, and he dies with this gesture of scorn, at once ridiculous and impressive, directed equally against the respectable prudence of the generation just passed and the rational prudence of today. Somewhere Mr. Galsworthy must have met Old English's prototype, a man who came to remind him of what all who are too much concerned with today are likely to forget, namely, that there are modes of thought and modes of greatness not understandable by the contemporary world. Victorian pettiness and modern unrest have been his chosen themes, but this story and this play constitute his recognition of an important fact: there was a giant race before the Flood.

Mr. George Arliss, who undertakes the task of giving Old English a bodily form, has seldom had a role better fitted to his talents. He is an actor at his best in something which is probably less a reasoned impersonation than a projection of his own idealized self into a congenial role, and he acts crisp, domineering men well because he obviously enjoys seeming one. It is a dangerous method, responsible for some of the worst acting in the world by players who might be more properly described as strutting rather than acting. But Mr. Arliss has, in addition, an art to control and direct, so that the element of play, properly so called, in his impersonation merely vivifies his work. In the present play the lines which he is called upon to speak are relatively few, and in the hands of another the character might seem no more than a sketch; but he has, I think, given it solid substance by creative collaboration with the author.

At the Frolic Theater M. Yasha Yushny introduces a Russian company known as The Bluebirds in a series of cabaret scenes. It is excellent entertainment, but too precisely in the style of the "Chauve-Souris" to call for much comment. "Ladies of the Evening" (Lyceum Theater) is a tawdry and sensational play about the street-walker's profession. "The Youngest" (Gaiety Theater) and "The Habitual Husband" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) are polite farces, genuinely diverting but not important.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Note: Mr. David Pinski wishes it stated that "Day and Night," reviewed in *The Nation* for December 31, is produced at Unser Teater under collective management.

THEATRE

Harry Weinberger Presents
Eugene O'Neill's Greatest Play
"THE EMPEROR JONES" with Paul Robeson
For two weeks only, commencing January 12
at the Punch & Judy Theatre, 49th St. East of B'way
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Friday and Saturday 2:30.
"Paul Robeson—superb—A great play—provides the kind of evening in the theatre that you remember all your life. . . ."—Alexander Woollcott in *The Sun.*

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¶ *"Perfect CANDIDA at Actors' Theatre"—Burns Mantle,* The Daily News.
¶ *Bernard Shaw's comedy masterpiece now being played for a limited engagement every evening and matinees Wednesday and Saturday at the 48th Street Theatre.*

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"THE LITTLE CLAY CART"
A Classic Oriental Comedy
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the **show-off**
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11th CAPACITY MONTH
"BEST OF ALL AMERICAN COMEDIES"—Heywood Broun, World.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

RAND SCHOOL
7 East 15th Street
Lectures, 8:30 p.m.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH . . . Wednesdays
"Realism and the Drama"
B. CHARNEY VLADECK . . . . Wednesdays
"Topics of the Times"
WALTER N. POLAKOV . . . . . Thursdays
"Managing Industry for Production"
HERMAN EPSTEIN . . . . . Thursdays
"Ring of the Nibelungen"
CARL VAN DOREN . . . . . Fridays
"The Love Theme in American Literature"
Jan. 30, Feb. 6, 7—The Modern Impulse in Writing, SHERWOOD ANDERSON

CAMP UTOPIA ***Reunion and Dance***
Hotel Commodore—Jan. 11, 2 to 6 P. M.
Subscription $1 including refreshments
Utopians Unite—You have nothing to lose but your change.
Wm. J. Perlman, Dr. Will Durant, P. J. Heffernan.

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International Relations Section

Martyrs of Spain's Dictatorship

A MOVING recital of a recent event in Spain is sent to *The Nation* by Signe Toksvig, who is now living in Hendaye-Plage, France, near the Spanish border. In a letter dated December 9, last, she says:

You have surely read about the various attempts of Spanish revolutionaries to get back into Spain across the French frontier. It happens that we are at present living right by this frontier, and naturally we hear a good deal. Several weeks ago about seventy revolutionaries tried to get across at a small town called Vera, over a mountain pass. (We tried it ourselves the other day and found Vera very prickly with carabineros.) Well, there was a skirmish between the revolutionaries and the gendarmes, and several were killed on both sides. Soldiers arrived and the revolutionaries were arrested. As the authorities did not feel like executing all seventy, four were selected to be scapegoats, but the proofs against them were so slight that even the military tribunal at Pampeluna acquitted them for want of proof, want of proof that it was just these four who had shot the gendarmes. But the Superior Council of Army and Navy in Madrid thought that an example ought to be made of *somebody* and ordered that three out of the four be executed—garroted. The Pampeluna military officials begged for mercy, a bishop did likewise; it was of no use. They were executed last Sunday.

The only paper that had a representative at the execution is a tiny republican daily published in San Sebastian, a brave little paper whose editors wander to jail every so often. It is called *La Voz de Guipuzcoa*, and I have translated its account of the final scene in this tragedy. In spite of the censorship the writer's sympathies are very clear, and the whole account is so simple, so moving, so truly Spanish in its intensity that I feel very strongly that it ought to reach beyond Guipuzcoa. There will be a revolution in Spain. Even this fantastically patient people is muttering that not only Primo de Rivera but the King must go. These men who died so courageously at Pampeluna are the forerunners of the revolution.

The translation sent by our correspondent of the article in *La Voz de Guipuzcoa*, describing the tragedy, follows:

At half past three in the morning Pablo Martin Sanchez, who, like Santillan and Gil Galar, was seated in his cell, huddled in a blanket, asked that he be permitted to take leave of Juan José Anaya and of Manuel del Rio, who had been arrested in Vera at the same time that he was.

The judge commandant, Clares, granted the request of the condemned, and Del Rio and Anaya were conducted to the cell of Martin Sanchez. The latter, who had known his two friends in Paris and who had been tended by them when he was wounded in the affray with the police at Vera, thanked them in a low voice. Anaya answered him: "Don't be preoccupied with anything, and keep up your courage. They are killing you now, and afterwards it will be our turn."

"Yes," replied Martin Sanchez, "they are going to kill us, although we have done nothing, nor have you. But they will not kill you; our death will serve to leave you in peace."

The three friends were deeply moved. Martin Sanchez, a man of few words, seemed to have concentrated his whole life in his glance, and until Del Rio and Anaya were gone he followed them fixedly with his eyes.

The whole scene was most impressive, but that which most grieved those who were present was the mute and pathetic farewell of the unfortunate Martin Sanchez to his two companions.

After the chapel the three prisoners wrapped in their blankets looked grief-stricken. The anguished, nervous gestures of Gil Galar, tearful and imploring, were painfully touching. Santillan did not lose his apparent calm, his mouth half-open, his fine lips immobile; he made one gesture of inquietude, but his eyes were tranquil, staring into space as if he had lost the idea of what was taking place around him. The ex-policeman carried his head high. Being the most stoical, the majority of compassionate glances turned toward him. Martin Sanchez, taciturn, intensely pallid, with his round chin on his chest, is imposing in his quiet disdain. His tangled hair falling over his temples, his aquiline nose, his black mustache, all give the expression of concentrated suffering, consciously endured.

They hear the mass through the shutters of their cells. It is just half past four. The chaplain of the prison and three other priests have prepared the prisoners for the ceremony of receiving communion. The parish priest of San Lorenzo says the first mass. In the chapel the six Brothers of Peace and Charity, the commandant, Moncholi, and the people designated by the law are praying devotedly, anguish painted on their faces.

Gil Galar prays with real fervor; he weeps, and his sobs are mingled with the words of Christian love. Santillan also says his prayers, softly. Martin Sanchez, still with his head bent, does not move his lips.

The chaplain of the prison recites in a firm, sonorous voice the prayers preparatory to communion. The priest murmurs the evangelical words. And, above all the sounds, dominating them, the plaintive weeping of Gil Galar adds to the anguish and fervor of everybody. There is a moment of silence. The priest turns, the sacred host in his fingers, and the three go to the altar and receive communion. The Brothers of Peace and Charity and the Little Brothers of St. Vincent also receive the sacrament. And now it is the weak sobs of the Little Brothers which break the moving silence. Gil Galar goes first to the altar, straight, very slowly, without weeping now but with infinite sadness in his black eyes. And then Santillan, even paler, a little tremulous. And at last Martin Sanchez, serene, immutable. The second mass is said, and the chaplain puts on each of the condemned the Miraculous Medal.

At a quarter past five the mass is finished. The sinister preparations are beginning. Then the head of the prison communicates from his office by telephone with the civil and military governors. For the last time he learns that there are no satisfactory instructions, that all hope is definitely lost. The tragedy of preparations begins.

The two hangmen sleep peacefully; they left their work early to gain strength. They are awakened, and then, followed by a small detachment of soldiers, they make their way to the place of execution. Each walks between two policemen. Camino de Ronda is the name of the yard where the two gibbets rise. The hangmen carry over their shoulders the tools of their office. (It is the hour of dawn, when young men go joyously to work.) The Burgos hangman is sleepy looking; his eyes even are still torpid from his long sleep. His companion from Madrid, slim, melancholy, tall, sickly faced, has a penetrating glance.

Meanwhile the prisoners await anxiously the last moments. And we, our hearts oppressed by anguish, see from a window the gray and cloudy landscape. Mist envelops the city. The open space around the prison is whitened by hoar frost. The dawn is about to melt the frost and to brighten the city. A sergeant had been sent at six in the morning to the military governor; he returns—there was no reprieve. And the prisoners, who nourished no hope, are informed of this. Santillan, who was the most tranquil of the three, receives the news with serenity, losing it soon, however, and beginning to pace up and down nervously.

All is now ready, the orders are given, they will be carried out. The director of the prison arranges who is to accompany the prisoners to the Camino de Ronda. For a moment the prison becomes animated, the noise of steps is heard, the police and the soldiers are taking their places. Then the desolate

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silence returns. The hour is near, the prisoners are being waited for. The confessors see that their charges are ready. First comes a detachment of infantry and of police. Then the judge and the doctors. Then the prisoners with the confessors and the Brothers of Peace and Charity. Representatives of the gubernatorial and municipal authorities, the burghers of Pampeluna nominated by the mayor, and, closing the procession, another detachment of infantry.

Gil Galar, his eyes shut and his face livid—he still has a bullet in his temple—walks supported by his confessor and by a monk. His step is vacillating, he walks like an automaton, with short steps. From time to time he opens his eyes, they are filled with tears, and his glance, full of infinite anguish without strength, without light, loses itself ecstatically in the void.

Julian Santillan is calmer. The indescribable expression of his half-open mouth and his fine ironic lips accompanies him to the last. He leans on his confessor. He is followed by two Brothers of Peace and Charity.

But he who walks with the firmest step, with the greatest confidence and boldness, is Pablo Martin Sanchez. During his whole imprisonment, except in the moments in which he remembered his sorrowful mother, Martin Sanchez has been self-contained, meditating his tragedy without moving a single facial muscle. He has always given the impression of a self-possessed man, or of a man in the power of an obstinate, all-excluding idea. As he walks toward the gallows the expression of concentration is more perceptible, and he frowns in his withdrawal, a deep furrow across his brow.

The three have already disappeared along the little passage behind the main gate of the prison, the passage of the little stairway; they are at the end of it, when an unexpected tumult arises. The tragic silence of the prison is broken. Steps are heard. It is a moment of inquietude and emotion. Pablo Martin Sanchez has left the group, he has fled.

It was at the end of the little passage, Sanchez was behind his two companions, he was calm and had begged his confessor and the two monks to let him walk alone and unaided, as he lacked neither serenity nor courage. The cortege had traversed the gallery and was beginning to go down the little stairs which lead to the yard called Camino de Ronda. Sanchez was wearing a wide black cloak, and dragged a pair of sandals.

Suddenly, with a rapidity inexplicable in a man who had gone through such bitterness, Sanchez left the group, kicked off the sandals, and penetrated through a door in front of him to the stairway. One second, and in great leaps he had reached the upper floor. The nuns who had been praying while they were witnessing the moving procession broke into loud cries of fear. The priest and the two monks who had been accompanying the fugitive began to run after him. The confusion was terrible. The officials of the prison, revolver in hand, ran to the place.

One of the Little Brothers of St. Vincent saw the prisoner in the upper part of the gallery of the third floor.

"There he is—there he is!" he screamed with horror.

Everybody stared at the upper floor, in the midst of whose gallery appeared the livid and disfigured face of Martin Sanchez. He gave a last avid glance about him. He remained a moment immobile, and then, convinced that no one was near him, quickly and with a brusque, decided gesture, he threw himself, head down, into the yard. All present at the tragedy broke into a cry; the horror-stricken nuns averted their faces.

Martin Sanchez fell with his head on the asphalted ground. His head was crushed. So rapid was the whole incident that there could have been no means of averting it.

The priest ran at once to the yard to see if it would be possible to give him the last rites. But the doctors arrived immediately and pronounced him dead.

The procession stopped a few moments before this unexpected event. However, justice had to be done, and the march was ordered resumed.

The body of Martin Sanchez remained in the little yard, lying in a pool of blood.

The employees of the prison remembered that when he had heard his sentence he had exclaimed: "They will never garrote *me!*" He must surely have premeditated his deed to judge by the rapidity and decision with which he carried it through.

The procession goes on. The hangmen are waiting in the Camino de Ronda. The soldiers stand silently around. Santillan and his companions wait in a nearby yard, as Gil Galar is to be executed first.

Gil Galar is physically weaker than the others; no one would have believed that he could have retained a shred of self-possession in the fatal moment. And yet he embraces his confessor without saying a word and seats himself dumbly on the little bench. His expression is one of resignation and immense sorrow. The two hangmen tie his hands and feet, and the one from Burgos wants to cover his face with a black cloth. In a hoarse voice Gil Galar says: "No, don't cover my face!"

And then: "Oh, my mother, have pity on me! Jesus, have pity on me! Oh, my mother, I am a martyr."

The chaplain gives him the last rites, while the hangman begins to work the sinister machine. Gil Galar continues to remember his mother with tender words.

At half-past seven the hangman has fulfilled his work. The priest of San Lorenzo with a moved voice commends the soul to God.

The bells of San Lorenzo begin to toll. The black flag is run up over the prison. A corner of the yard receives at that moment the caresses of the first rays of the sun. The faint light and the intensity of those moments give to the watching faces a waxen color.

The doctor pronounces the man dead. The Brothers of Charity place the body in a simple unlined coffin.

During those very moments the chaplain is given a telegram from the mother of the dead man: "All hope lost. In your last minutes pray to the Virgin of Carmen, as I am doing. Your mother and brothers embrace you."

The traces of the first execution have been removed from the Camino de Ronda. Now Julian Santillan can enter; he does it tranquilly. His first glance is for the gibbet, a conscious glance, devoid of fear. He remains immobile between his confessor and the Brothers who aid his steps. The chaplain indicates that he is to approach the infernal machine. The ex-policeman looks slowly around him, already his eyelids close over his blue eyes, and he has an expression of leave-taking. Aided by his companions he seats himself on the bench without losing his self-possession for a moment. Before the hangman places the iron ring around his neck, Santillan with a voice that has neither emotion nor nervousness asks: "May I speak, señor Judge?"

"Say what you wish to say," responds the commandant.

And Santillan exclaims, firmly and clearly: "I wish to express my gratitude to the people of Pampeluna for their efforts to get us pardoned. Not justice but tyranny has triumphed. My gratitude also to the tribunal, to the officials, and to my advocate, señor——" (He searches in vain for the name of commandant Moncholi.) Then turning to the hangman he says: "You won't hurt me much, eh?"

And when the black cloth comes near his face he bursts out energetically with the same request as his companion Gil Galar: "Do not cover my face!"

An instant after the hangman does his terrible duty. It was 7:24. At 7:47 the Brothers of Peace and Charity remove from the yard the inert body of Julian Santillan. It is put in the humblest of coffins, as was the body of Gil Galar.

For Pampeluna it was a day of mourning. From half-past six a crowd had gathered near the prison, more from a pious sentiment than from curiosity. When the black flag was hoisted after the first execution many prayed and all commented with sorrow on the fatal consequences of the tragedy begun in Vera on the Bidassoa.

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Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union

THE establishment of closer cultural relations between the United States and the Soviet Union is the mission of Mr. Roman Weller of Moscow, who has just arrived in this country as representative of the Bureau of Cultural Relations, established in Moscow about a year ago. In the following statement for *The Nation* Mr. Weller explained the aims of the organization he is representing:

The Bureau of Cultural Relations was organized to serve, on the one hand, the growing need in the Soviet Union of keeping in close touch with the progress of the arts and sciences in other countries, and, on the other, the keen interest shown abroad in the cultural and scientific activities of the Soviet Union. The necessity of such an organization grew out of the peculiar position of the Soviet Union during the past years when it was, to a considerable extent, cut off from the cultural life of other countries. It is with a view toward the restoration of old connections and the establishment of new relations in these fields that the Bureau of Cultural Relations has been organized. The bureau has for its members the leading educational, cultural, and scientific institutions of the Soviet Union, such as the Academy of the Sciences, the Academy of the Arts, the universities, colleges, and the leading public libraries, besides those government departments which are directly related to such activities—the Commissariat of Public Education, the Commissariat of Public Health, the Commissariat of Agriculture, etc. The chairman of the bureau is Olga Kameneva, wife of Kamenev, the president of the Moscow Soviet, and sister of Leon Trotzky.

The bureau has already established connections with most of the European countries and Japan. It has organized the exchange of books and publications between scientific and cultural and educational institutions in the Soviet Union and similar institutions in the other countries. Its activity includes the exchange of information on all questions of law, education, the arts, agriculture, public health, etc. The bureau also publishes a fortnightly bulletin covering all phases of cultural activities in the Soviet Union. In England, Germany, France, and several other European countries, as well as in Japan, the bureau works in cooperation with existing societies which have for their aim the furthering of cultural relations with the Soviet Union. The program of the bureau provides also for the exchange of professors and students between the universities of the Soviet Union and foreign universities. An exchange of this sort has taken place with England and Germany and it has helped materially in the creation of a closer contact and better understanding between the cultural institutions of these countries.

Relations with the United States are expected to develop along similar lines.

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES PLATT is a chemist and physician and author who has devoted recent years to sociological and psychological studies, particularly in the field of penology.

EUGENE LYMAN FISK has been connected as physician with various life-insurance companies and is now director of the Life Extension Institute. He is the author of "Alcohol—Its Relation to Human Efficiency and Longevity."

CARLETON BEALS is a writer who has spent several years in Italy and Spain and more recently in Mexico studying social and political institutions.

CARL VAN DOREN, literary editor of the *Century Magazine* and contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of a new book, "James Branch Cabell," to be published next month as part of the series Modern American Writers by Robert M. McBride and Company.

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BERTHA WALLERSTEIN wrote an article on the Jewish Babbitt in *The Nation* for May 28, 1924.

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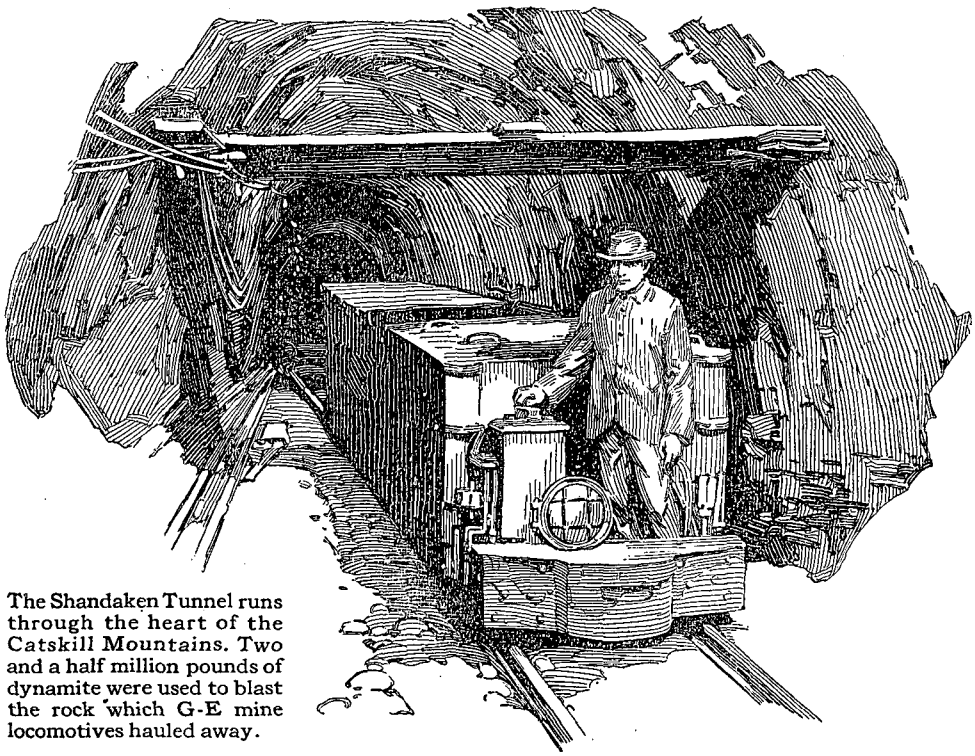

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